

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1880.

THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.

IN the beautiful village of Ashkirk, near the romantic Tweed-side, and seven miles from Abbotsford, in Roxburghshire, Scotland, was born on October 14th, 1825, the subject of this sketch. He came of sturdy Presbyterian stock, and his youth was nourished on the lofty teachings of the Word of God, the Shorter Catechism, and the Westminster Confession; and doubtless his young soul was often stirred by the heroic traditions of Flodden Field and of Dunbar, which were both near by, and by the ballads of Chevy Chase and of the border wars.

In 1832 the Douglas family came to the city of Montreal, and in an excellent school kept by the Rev. Mr. Black, Presbyterian minister in Laprairie, young George continued his education. In course of time he became a clerk in a book-store, and probably hence derived that love of literature which has been a characteristic of his life. He was in time promoted to the dignity of bookkeeper. But a thirst for knowledge possessed his soul, and he matriculated in the School of Medicine of his adopted city, and pursued part of the prescribed curriculum.

In the year 1843 the great crisis of his life-history took place. Being then a young man, in the eighteenth year of his age, he was led by the providence of God to attend the ministry of the Rev. William Squire, in the old Methodist Church on the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets. Under the faithful preaching of that man of God, whose memory is even yet fragrant in the hearts of many, he became convinced of sin, and was enabled to exercise that faith which saveth the soul, and

feel that love which casteth out all fear. He forthwith identified himself with the Church in which he had been brought to God, and joined a class led by the now venerable John Mattheson, of which he himself afterwards became leader. Mr. Mattheson delights to tell how he overcame George's diffidence about speaking in public and leading a class, by calling upon him on one occasion, when the class-room was crowded, to speak, and then, when he was telling his experience, Mr. Mattheson slipped in behind him into his seat, and said, "Now, George, lead the class." From this there was no escape, as he occupied the floor without any possibility of getting a seat.

The talents and consecrated zeal of the young convert were such that soon the voice of the Church summoned him to public service for the Master. Overcoming his natural diffidence, he was induced to perform the duty of a local preacher. This he did with such success as to be highly acceptable to the Wesleyan congregations of Montreal, accustomed as they were to the preaching of such men as William Squire, Matthew Richey, William Harvard, John Jenkins, and other men of distinguished abilities. It was evident that God had called this young man to the office of the Christian ministry as his life-work, and he was not disobedient to the Divine call. In 1848, being then in his twenty-third year, he was received as a probationer for the ministry. The following year he was recommended by the Lower Canada District to attend the Wesleyan Theological Institute at Richmond, England. But scarcely had he reached that famous school of the prophets than he was designated to missionary work in the Bahamas District of the West India Mission. He was "specially ordained" at St. John's Square, London, in the spring of 1850, by the venerable Thomas Jackson, Dr. Alder, and others, and sent to the Bermuda Islands. After a year and a-half's residence in that semi-tropical climate his health failed, and the germs of his subsequent life-long affliction were planted. He returned, therefore, to Montreal the following year. Of his ministerial life of thirty years, twenty years have been spent in that city—eleven of them in pastoral work, seven as head of the Theological College, and two without a charge, on account of ill-health. His other fields of toil have been Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton, in each of which places he laboured

for three years, witnessing many seals to his ministry in the prosperity of the work of God under his charge.

In 1869, in recognition of his distinguished abilities, the University of McGill College conferred upon him the well-merited degree of LL.D. Dr. Douglas is a man whom his brethren in the ministry, and his fellow-labourers in the vineyard wherever he has lived, have ever delighted to honour. He has often been the conscript on whom has fallen the lot to represent his Church in the great ecclesiastical gatherings of Christendom. And right royally has he performed that task, maintaining the honour of his Church and country in the presence of the foremost orators of the day. His manly presence, his deep-toned voice, his broad sweep of thought and majestic flights of eloquence, have stirred the hearts of listening thousands, and done brave battle for the cause of God. Among the great interests which he has thus represented are the Young Men's Christian Association, at the International Conventions at Washington, Philadelphia, Albany, Indianapolis, and Chicago; the Evangelical Alliance in New York; and the General Conference of the M. E. Church South. He has also filled with eminent ability the offices of Co-Delegate of the old Canada Conference, President of the Montreal Conference, and Vice-President and President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Not the least of the important labours of the Rev. Dr. Douglas is his fostering care and wise presidency of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. To this he has given the energies of his ripest years. The arduous duties of the principal's chair he has discharged with heroic fortitude, even while enduring a martyrdom of physical suffering. That his useful life may long be spared to bless the Church and the world will be the prayer of all who know him either by reputation or in person.

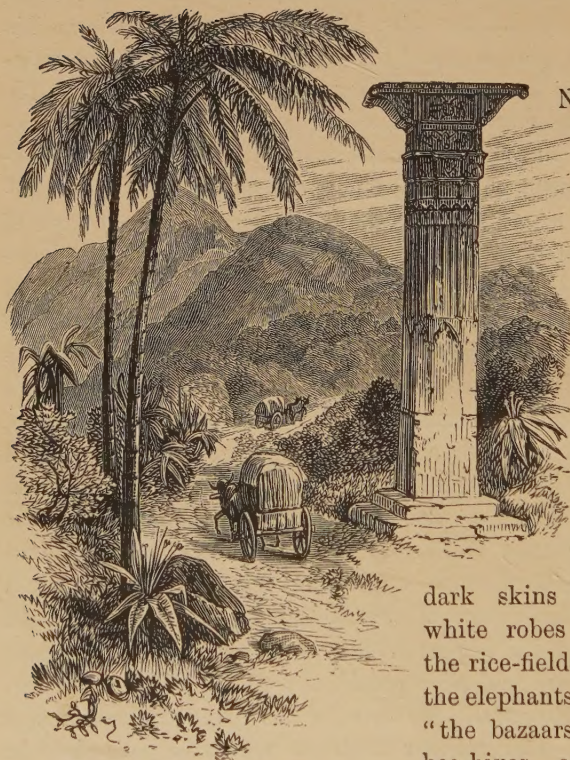
TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow!" wept the watcher, as she knew
That death had claimed her dearest as his due—
"Oh, bitter waking! Oh, the joyless day!"

"Tomorrow!" murmured he, with dying breath,
Viewing the timeless life that starts from death—
"Only to-morrow, and we meet for aye!"

METHODIST MISSIONS IN INDIA.*

I.



INDIA! What a brilliant pageant the very word suggests! The ivory palaces, the gilded temples, the gaudy idols, the broad leaves of the palms and the bananas, the sky-piercing Himmala yas, the vast surf-lined coast, the

dark skins and the snow-white robes of the natives, the rice-fields and the tanks, the elephants and palanquins, "the bazaars, humming like bee-hives, and the jungle

where the lonely courier shakes his bundle of iron rings to scare away the hyænas." But the most stupendous thought of all is that of the two hundred and forty millions of immortal souls,—the devotees of a dark and degrading superstition, or the followers of the false prophet Mahomet. India presents one of the most interesting and important mission fields in the world. With a civilization going back to the time of Alexander and a literature to that of Zoroaster; with its highly-cultivated Brahmin caste and a vast substratum of human wretchedness, it presents at once extraordinary difficulties and remarkable facilities for the diffusion of the Gospel. While the proud Brahmin looks down from the heights of a lofty scorn on his

* Much of this article is taken from Moister's History of Wesleyan Missions.

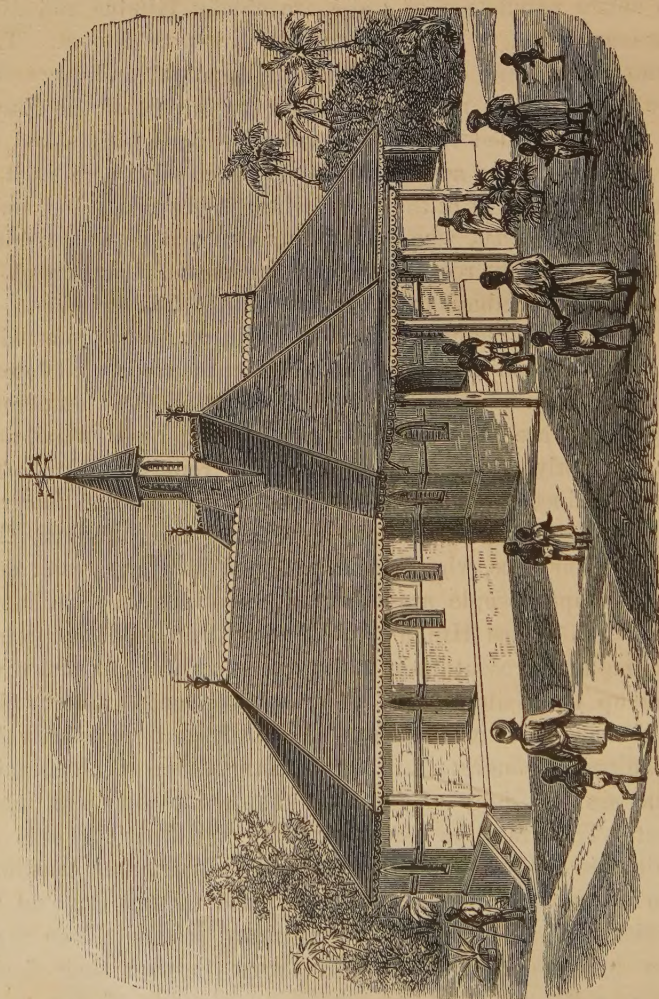
conquerors, who were naked savages at a time when the ancient pundits of India were learned sages, yet now, as in the days of the personal ministry of our Lord, the common people, weary with waiting for a healer of their woes, hear gladly the words of life.

The entire population of India are chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans, with a few Parsees or fire-worshippers. The Mohammedans, being shrewd, designing, fanatical, and powerful, became the dominant race, previous to the advent of the Europeans, and they ruled the poor timid aborigines with a rod of iron. Their religious system needs no description here, as it is the same in every part of the world where it prevails. It is only necessary to say that, wherever they succeeded in establishing their authority, they required all, by the powerful argument of fire and sword, to submit to the dogmas of the false prophet.

The Hindus, or original natives of India, whether professedly Buddhist or Brahmins, are pagans, and consequently idolaters. They build splendid temples to the honour of their numerous gods, in which are set up idols of gold, silver, brass, wood, and stone, frequently of the most hideous and repulsive form. To these idol shrines are brought offerings of food, fruit, and flowers; and although the gods cannot appropriate the offerings, the priests in attendance, who live in ease and indolence, can: and thus the simple people are deceived. Nothing can be more affecting than to see Hindu parents with their children coming to the temple to present their sacrifices to dumb idols, and thus training up the rising generation to worship gods made by the hands of men. But it is on the occasion of their great festivals, when the people congregate to the number of tens of thousands, that the sin and folly of these miserable idolaters are most apparent. Then may be heard the wild and frantic shouts of the multitude as they drag along the car of Juggernaut, crushing beneath its ponderous wheels the wretched victims devoted to destruction, to propitiate their bloodthirsty deities. Then may be seen devotees with iron hooks thrust through their flesh, swinging in the air amid the deafening plaudits of the maddened throng, who regard the act as highly meritorious. And so deluded are these poor heathens, that mothers may often be seen casting their sickly children into the sacred waters of the Ganges, to be devoured by the crocodiles, not so much perhaps with a

view to be relieved from attending to them, as to appease the anger of their cruel gods, to whose displeasure they attribute all the afflictions which come upon them.

When the Portuguese arrived in Ceylon in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and established their rule over a consider-



WESLEYAN MISSION SCHOOL, INDIA.

able part of the island, they zealously propagated Roman Catholicism; but this did little good, as, in its pompous ceremonies, picture worship, and moral influence, it was not much better than the paganism which they found pervading the land.

When nearly the whole of Continental India and Ceylon were brought under British rule, a brighter day dawned upon the country than it had ever seen before. With all its faults, the British Government of India has been merciful, mild, and benign, compared with that of its Mohammedan rulers, who previously swayed the sceptre; and it has been more likely to benefit the people than the partial and temporary rule of other European powers which it has in a great measure superseded. At the same time it must be confessed that for many years the British East India Company discouraged every effort that was made to evangelize the Hindus, and even prohibited Christian missionaries from settling in the country so long as it was in their power to do so. In the midst of numerous difficulties and discouragements, however, the Church, Scottish, London, Baptist, American, Wesleyan, and other Missionary Societies, have done much towards spreading the light of the Gospel among the dark, benighted, teeming millions of India.

The Wesleyan mission to India, the history of which is so distinctly marked by the providence and grace of God, originated with the venerable Dr. Coke, who has been appropriately styled the "Father of Methodist Missions." The zealous Doctor had already crossed the Atlantic eighteen times; planted missions, and laboured indefatigably to establish the Word of God in America and in the West Indies; and worked hard for Ireland, to say nothing of his literary toils and travels in England. And now, in the evening of life, at the age of sixty-six, when most men would have thought of taking a little rest, he conceived the noble idea of inaugurating a Methodist mission to India. In view of his advanced age, and the risk to health and life which his residence in the torrid zone would involve, many of his friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose; but so firmly was he convinced of a Divine call, and so fully was his heart set upon the project, that in writing to one of them, he gave expression to the following noble sentiments: "I am now dead to Europe, and alive to India. God Himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that methinks I had rather be set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there."

From the moment that the Conference gave its sanction to the enterprise, Dr. Coke and his companions were busily employed

in preparing for their embarkation. Some attention had to be paid to the languages spoken in the East, while at the same time suitable outfits of books and wearing apparel had to be provided. On the zealous little Doctor himself devolved a large amount of



A YOUNG BRAHMIN.

care and responsibility connected with stores, passages, and other matters. But he was destined never to see the shores for which he so longed. In mid-ocean he was stricken down, and was found dead upon his cabin floor. His body was committed

to the deep, but the noble purpose for which he lived found its fulfilment in the labours of the devoted missionaries by whom he was accompanied. Prominent among these was the Rev. William Harvard, afterwards Superintendent of Wesleyan Mis-



A HINDU DEVOTEE.

sions in Canada. Little was done for some years on the Continent of India, but very successful missionary operations were carried on in the beautiful island of Ceylon, as has been narrated in a previous number of this Magazine.

It was not until the year 1817 that the first Wesleyan missionary commenced his labours on the Continent of India. A few pious Methodists from England, residing at Madras, had been in the habit of meeting together for the purpose of prayer and Christian fellowship, and to read Mr. Wesley's sermons for their mutual edification. They heard with delight of the arrival of Wesleyan missionaries in Ceylon, and earnestly requested that one of the party might be spared to labour among them. This reasonable wish was readily met by the British Conference, and Mr. Harvard was appointed to Madras. But the claims upon this devoted missionary at Ceylon were such as to prevent his removal to the Continent without serious injury to the cause. It was therefore ultimately arranged that the Rev. Mr. Lynch should go to commence the mission at Madras. The arrival of this zealous servant of God marked the commencement of a new era in that populous heathen city. All classes wondered at his boldness and success. His talent for reproving sin was extraordinary, and wherever he went he was hailed as a faithful minister of Christ. The work thus auspiciously commenced in Madras has been zealously maintained ever since, and the faithful preaching of the Gospel, in connection with the educational department of the mission, has been made a great blessing to the people.

But, whilst thus careful to provide for the spiritual welfare of Europeans and their descendants in India, the Wesleyan Missionary Society was not unmindful of their chief work among the Hindus. They had, moreover, expected that the English work in Madras would be auxiliary to that which is carried on directly for the benefit of the natives. Nor have they in this been disappointed. For many years it was customary to hold Tamil services in the vestibule of the English chapel, for the benefit of a small native society and congregation. But in 1859 a commodious Tamil chapel was built close to the English sanctuary; and this is now the centre of the circuit, where an important native work has for several years been carried on.

The mission premises are of ample dimensions, and occupy a "compound," or lot of land, some acres in extent. The most conspicuous building is the native chapel, which stands in a convenient position near to the conjunction of several roads. Neat, substantial, and well-built, this sanctuary is no bad speci-

men of Indian architecture. It will seat about five hundred persons. Venetian folding-doors on three sides take the place of windows; which, standing open during Divine service, invite passers-by to enter and hear the Word of Life.



INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.

Immediately behind the native chapel is the noble range of buildings occupied by the Anglo-Vernacular schools. On entering the large hall, the spectator sees standing in ordinary groups nearly three hundred youths; perhaps a dozen wear English

dress, a few the coloured loose silk drawers of the Mohammedans, but the great majority the white tunic of the Hindu; all, except the English lads, leave their slippers at the entrance of the building, but wear their turbans. Going to his desk in the centre of the hall, the missionary kneels, and asks the Divine blessing on the labours of the day. The first lesson is from the Holy Scriptures, taught in every class by a Christian teacher; and many instances have occurred in which heathen youths have been convinced and converted by means of the truths brought home to their hearts and consciences in these exercises. English literature is probably the next subject of study, when the works of Goldsmith, Macaulay, or De Quincey are familiarly used as text-books. Then follow lessons in the histories of England and of India, in geography, astronomy, or chemistry.

The conducting of such an institution is a heavy tax upon the time and strength of a missionary. But it is the desire for such teaching that attracts the pupils, and makes them willing to listen to higher truth. It is a fact, moreover, that each lesson the missionary gives in Western literature or science, not only tends to undermine the faith of the Hindu in his ancestral religion, and prepare him to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, but it increases the influence his instructor has over him. The institution is chiefly supported by the fees of the pupils, which in one year amounted to £254 4s. 6d.

When female education was first proposed in India, it seemed a strange paradox to the Hindu mind, and it was met with the most strenuous opposition. Native prejudice has, however, been to a considerable extent overcome, and a number of schools for the training of Hindu girls have been established in connection with the various stations in British India. Near to the buildings already described, but almost concealed from view by the straight branches of silk cotton trees and the thick foliage of the mangoes, is the girls' boarding-school. The caste prejudices of the Hindus make it impossible to secure, as pupils in such an establishment, the daughters of the higher classes, so that the school has been recruited chiefly from the families of servants in English employment. A few of the girls have Protestant Christian parents, several are of Roman Catholic origin, but the majority have been rescued from heathen homes. In the school all are treated with equal consideration and kindness. They are taught to read and

write Tamil with fluency; they become familiar with the elementary rules of arithmetic, so as to be able to keep bazaar accounts; they gain some knowledge of geography; and those who have been longest in the school can read an easy English book, and converse in that language on familiar subjects. All are instructed in the Wesleyan Catechisms, and made familiar with the leading events of Scripture history, whilst singing is a favourite exercise. The elder girls are drafted in rotation for duty in the kitchen, and thus become acquainted with practical household work, as well as with the use of the needle, in which they greatly excel. But what is more pleasing still, every year a few of the pupils are brought under religious influences and received into the Church by baptism. Thus conducted on genuine Christian principles, these mission-schools become nurseries of the Church, and important auxiliaries to the efforts which are put forth by the missionaries for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. The cut on page 6 exhibits one of these mission schools.

The diversities of castes and strength of caste prejudices are among the chief obstacles to missionary success. The high-caste Brahmin regards himself, and is regarded by the lower castes, as quite a superior order of being. In the cut on page 8 we have a portrait of a young Brahmin of the Saiva sect in full dress, although that appears scanty enough. The shaving of the head, and leaving only a lock or tail behind, is the general custom, and not peculiar to people of this caste. The three marks drawn across the brow, shoulders, neck, arms, and breast, are made by dipping the tips of three fingers in sacred ashes, and drawing them over the parts pointed out in the sacred books. This is to be done morning, noon, and night, after bathing and before bowing down to the idol.

The sacred cord worn over the left shoulder is put on the youth by a priest, with great ceremony, when the boy is about eight years of age. This cord consists of several threads. Not until he begins to wear this cord is the boy a Brahmin. The ceremony of putting it on is that which is called the second birth; and, ever after, the wearer is one of the twice-born, unless he should take it off and throw it away, as Brahmins do when they become Christians. Then he ceases from all the privileges and powers of the priestly caste, and becomes to them an outcast

and accursed. The round spot or wafer on the brow marks the seat of the soul, as well as shows the sect to which the wearer belongs.

On page 9 we have a portrait of a mendicant priest of a lower caste. The white marks on his body are made with a white earth called "sooddy," and signify that he is a worshipper of the heathen god Vishnu. The book in front of him is one sacred to the followers of Vishnu, probably the *Vishnu Purana*. He has a number of beads round his neck, in his hand, and on his head; these are the seeds of the holy lotus, a lovely water-flower, which abounds in Indian tanks. The priest is supposed to say a prayer, or rather a charm, to each bead.

Many of these self-torturing devotees will keep their arms in an outstretched position, or their legs crossed and cramped so long that they rigidly stiffen, and the wretched fakir becomes a mere withered torso, without power of motion. This is of course a sign of very superior sanctity, and attracts the homage of the multitudes, as well as the more substantial benefit of a liberal supply of ghee and rice.

Of still lower grade, but not the lowest, are the wretched creatures portrayed on page 11, who make their living by snake-charming and conjuring tricks. The snake in the little basket in front of him rises up and moves very gracefully from side to side, sometimes making a hissing noise when it hears the music of the pumpkin-like instrument on which the man plays. It is a very deadly snake, and if bitten by it a man would die in a few hours. Its name is *cobra di capello*, or the hooded snake; it is also called the spectacle snake; and, like many other dangerous things, it is very pretty.

But one of the greatest obstacles to Indian evangelization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of a people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world. Till the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on either side. Should the hapless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped

being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been



A HINDU BRIDE.

given her. In the last of our series of engravings is given a portrait of one of the child-wives of India, whose bridal attire is often but the decoration of a victim for an altar of sacrifice. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated ; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

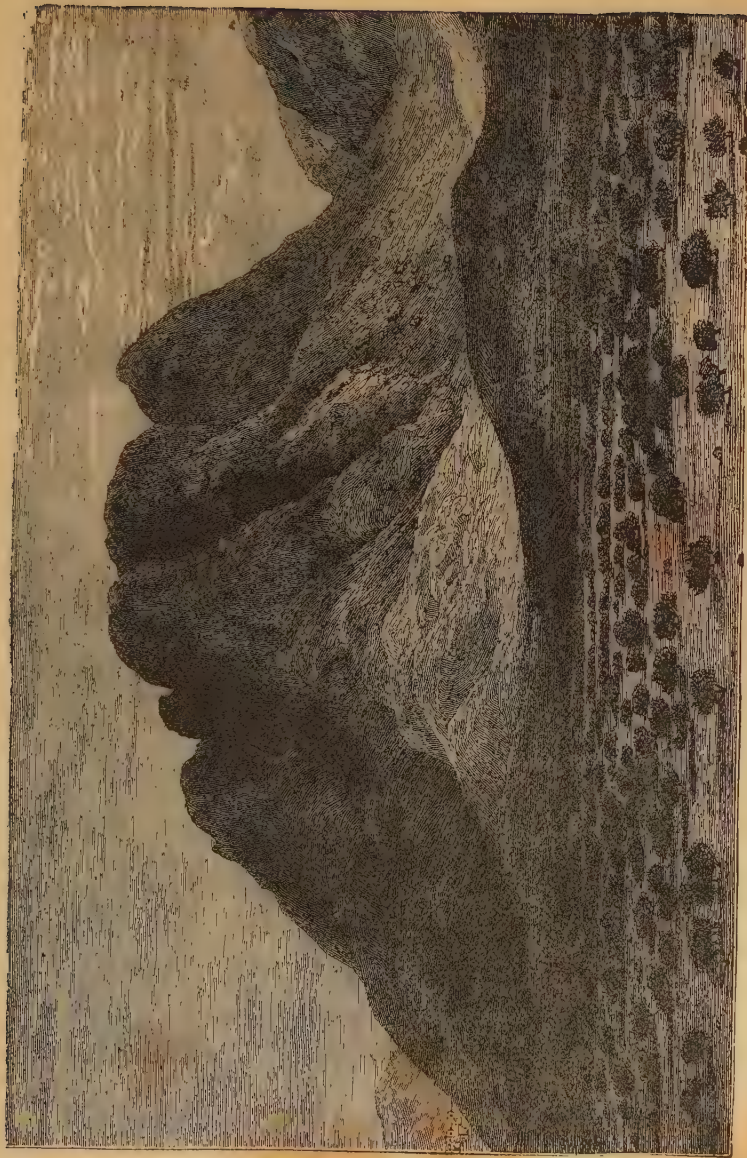
RECENT EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.

AN imperishable interest attaches to all Bible lands. From the days of the Empress Helena, pious souls have made devout pilgrimages to the places hallowed by the presence of our Lord, or mentioned in Holy Writ. The first book printed in the English language was Sir John Mandeville's "Voiage and Travail in Palestine." Nor has that interest abated with the lapse of years. On the contrary, it has increased; and never was there such an amount of intelligent travel and critical study of Bible lands as at the present day. Those lands, their ruins, their people, and their immemorial customs are the best possible commentary on the Book from which they derive their chief interest.

No such thorough and systematic exploration of these lands has ever been made as that of the Palestine Exploration Fund. We may with safety say that Palestine and Jerusalem, with their antiquities, are better known throughout Christendom than England and London are by the majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Such books as Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus," and "The Land of Moab," as Ridgaway's "Lord's Land," and Bartlett's "Egypt and Palestine," make us more familiar with those storied scenes than with almost any other places on earth.

These recent explorations have thrown much light on some questions of interpretation, and solved some apparent difficulties about which skeptical critics have needlessly puzzled themselves. One of these is the miracle of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. Modern exploration has discovered a narrow pass with a shallow depth of water, where, says Dr. Ridgaway, a strong hot wind from the desert, blowing all night, might drive the water from the shoals and dry up the bed of the sea, so that a great multitude might pass over dry shod. "The miracle consisted," he adds, "in supernaturally using the natural elements for the accomplishment of the purpose."

Another question which has been the subject of much dispute is the true site of Mount Sinai. Some have maintained that it was Mount Serbal, at some distance to the west of the tradi-



MOUNT SINAI.

ditional Sinai; but for this supposition there is no adequate ground, while there is no open valley near which could give camp-room or pasturage for the migrating nation of the Jews. At the Jebel Musa, or Mount of Moses, shown in our engraving, these conditions are adequately fulfilled. The broad plain in the



THE ROCK CITY OF PETRA.

foreground, studded with graceful clumps of trees, could furnish room, it has been estimated, for the encampment of two million people. Above this rises in stern majestic isolation the Mount of the Law, about which mantled the clouds and darkness when

God bowed the heavens and came down, and spoke with Moses face to face. The height of the mountain is 9,274 feet, and its sterile and desolate character are no unmeet symbol of the terrors of the sublime event of which it was the theatre.



THE VALE OF HINNOM.

The discovery of Petra by Burekhardt in 1812, furnished another remarkable corroboration of Holy Writ. Here was the populous capital of the proud dukes of Edom, whence they lorded it over adjacent lands. But so utterly was their denomin-

ation overthrown, that for long centuries the very site of their city was forgotten. How striking a confirmation of the ancient prophecy, "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished." Now its rock-hewn palaces, its treasure-houses, and its tombs, are equally desolate; and in its ancient theatre, where four thousand eager voices raised the thunder of applause, only the melancholy cry of the night-owl is heard, and the jackal makes his lair in the throne of a once mighty prince.

Another of the places of painful interest mentioned in Bible story is the gloomy Vale of Hinnom, shown in our engraving. Here were celebrated the cruel and bloody rites of Moloch, in which the little children were made to pass through the fire in honour of the foul pagan god. The deep dark valley, crouching beneath the shadow of the city walls, and of the opposite cliffs with their yawning tombs, is the very symbol of desolation of despair. Here, in aftertimes, were thrown all the refuse and filth of a great and crowded city, and here perpetual fires were kept burning to consume the loathsome mass. Hence it became the type of that awful Gehenna of outer darkness, "where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched."

Leaving behind the gloomy gorge, one reaches the lovely valley of the brook Kedron, and soon after the crystal waters of Siloam's Pool—the symbol of that River of Life whose streams make glad the City of God. Blessed truth! even hard by the very mouth of hell flow those healing streams which can wash the vilest clean and quicken to a life divine the veriest outcasts, who seemed fit only to be fuel for eternal burning!

OH, thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
While on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

—Wootton.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON,

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY I.—LOYAL ORIGIN OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

METHODISM exists throughout the seven provinces of the Canadian Dominion, with its more than a thousand ministers, its more than one hundred thousand communicants, its nearly two thousand churches with half as many parsonages, its academies and colleges and periodicals, its hundred and fifty thousand dollars annual income and expenditure for missions, besides the local support of its circuit and stationed ministers. This development over a new and sparsely settled country is from less than half a dozen poor people, and in less than a century. Is such a development natural or supernatural? Is it the growth of nature or the work of grace? To these questions the following Essays contain an answer.

The birthplace of Methodism in Canada was in the bosom of loyalty and in the heart of benevolence; it was first preached by men who had borne arms in defence of their King and country. As early as 1780, a Mr. Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th Regiment, came to Quebec with the regiment. At that time there was one clergyman of the Church of England in Montreal and another in Quebec—none elsewhere except a chaplain of some regiment. There were, of course, priests in the Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Tuffey, who had been a Methodist local preacher in England, seeing and lamenting the state of the soldiery and Protestant emigrants in Quebec, commenced preaching to them, and continued to do so with success as long as he remained in the country. On the restoration of peace between Great Britain and the thirteen American colonies, some regiments, including the 44th, were disbanded at Quebec, leaving it to the option of officers and men to return to England or settle in the country. Many remained, taking up land and settling as farmers, or becoming traders. Though Mr. Tuffey returned home, the good influences of his life and labours remained among the soldiers

and other Protestant emigrants forming the first scattered settlements ; which were much increased, at the close of the war, by emigrant loyalists from the valleys of the Hudson, Susquehanna, and Mohawk rivers. Some of them were Episcopalians, some Presbyterians, some Lutherans, some Baptists, some Methodists.

As Mr. Tuffey, of the 44th Regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Lower Canada, so Mr. George Neal, of a British cavalry regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Upper Canada. Mr. Neal was of Irish descent, born in Pennsylvania, but mostly resided in the Southern States. On the breaking out of the American revolution he joined the British army, in which he was first appointed captain, and then promoted to be a major. He was at the siege of Charleston, and only escaped being killed by the timely aid of Lord Roden. He had become religious while serving in the army. Major Neal crossed the Niagara river into Canada, at Queenston, the 7th of October, 1786. He taught school and soon began to preach on the Niagara frontier, not without opposition from some quarters, but with encouraging success.

It was thus from the British army came the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada—true soldiers of both an earthly and a heavenly King.

Nor was it in the first preachers alone that Methodism in Canada had a loyal origin ; it was also in the first emigrants, and in the first Missionary preachers that followed them into the wilderness, and ministered to their spiritual wants.

The exodus of Methodists from New York State, and their migration to Canada, on the ground of loyalty to the King of Great Britain, commenced with the first year of the American Revolution in 1774. Nearly ten years before—three years after Canada became a British Province, and thirteen years before the American Declaration of Independence—a small number of Methodist emigrants arrived in the city of New York from Ireland. They were called Palatines,* having fled from the persecutions raging against them on the Continent, and having found protection

*“ In the year 1758 Wesley visited the County of Limerick. His Journal reports there a singular community, settled in Court Mattress, and in Killiheen, Balligarrane, and Pallas, villages within four miles of Mattress. They were not native Celts, but a Teutonic population. Having been nearly half a century without pastors who could speak their language, they had become thoroughly demoralized; noted for drunkenness, profanity, and

and hospitality under the British Government, for which they and their descendants have ever cherished a grateful and loyal attachment. Among those pious Irish Palatines who came to the city of New York in 1765 (some accounts say in 1760) was a family named *Embury*, of which there were four brothers—John, Peter, Philip and David—all pious. John and Peter preached in the German language, and died at an early age. David left his property in the United States, after the Revolution, came to Upper Canada, and settled in the township of Fredericksburg, where he

‘utter neglect of religion.’ But the Methodist itinerants had penetrated to their hamlets, and they were now a reformed and devout people. They had erected a large chapel in the centre of Court Mattress. ‘So did God,’ said Wesley, ‘at last provide for these poor strangers, who, for fifty years, had none who cared for their souls.’ At later visits Wesley declares that three such towns as Court Mattress, Killiheen, and Balligarrane were hardly to be found anywhere else in Ireland or England. There was no ‘cursing or swearing, nor Sabbath breaking, nor drunkenness, nor ale-houses in any of them.’ ‘They had become a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a garden.’

“But how came this singular people, speaking a foreign tongue, into the west of Ireland?”

“The troops of Louis XIV., under Turenne, devastated, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Palatinate on the Rhine. Its population was almost entirely Protestant—the strongest reason for the relentless violence of the bigoted monarch and his army. The whole country was laid waste; the Elector of Palatine could see from the towers of Manheim, his capital, no less than two cities and twenty-five villages on fire at once. The peaceable peasants fled before the invaders by thousands to the lines of the English General, Marlborough. Queen Anne sent ships to convey them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand arrived in London, reduced to dependent poverty. The sympathy of Protestant England relieved their sufferings; and commissioners were appointed by the Government to provide for them. They were encamped and fed on Blackheath and Camberwell Commons.

“Popish rule and persecution followed the invasion of the Palatinate, and thousands more of its virtuous and thrifty peasants deserted it for refuge in England and other countries. Nearly three thousand were sent by the British Government to America in 1710, and became valuable additions to the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina. Of those who remained in England, about fifty families emigrated to Ireland, where they settled near Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick. They were allowed eight acres for each person, young and old, for which they were to pay a small annual rent to the proprietor, Lord Southwell. The Government paid their rents for twenty years, made them freeholders, and furnished each man with a musket, enrolling him in the free yeomanry as the

died in 1810. Philip Embury was a carpenter and local preacher before he left Ireland; in 1766 he was joined by his cousin and her husband, best known as Paul and Barbara Heck. That pious and energetic woman prevailed upon her cousin Philip to commence preaching in his own house and to his own company, which consisted on the first Sabbath of five persons. These with others were soon formed into a class. This was the beginning of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America—now the largest Protestant denomination on the American continent.*

'German Fusileers.' A list of those who 'settled contiguous to each other on Lord Southwell's estates' has been published; on it are the names of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Switzer, Guier, and others associated with the original Methodists of New York.

"Such was the origin of the 'Irish Palatines,' and thus did the short-sighted policy of Louis XIV. scatter these sterling Protestants of the Rhine to bless other lands, as his bigoted folly in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent half a million of his own best subjects to enrich, by their skill and virtues, Switzerland, Germany, England, and the North American Colonies. His attempt to suppress Protestantism in the Palatinate led, through the emigration of these Irish settlers, to one of the most energetic developments of Protestantism [the M. E. Church] recorded in the modern history of religion."—*Stevens' History of the M. E. Church, vol. i. pp. 48-50.*

* The fact that the founders of Methodism in New York were afterwards the founders of Methodism in Canada, and the similarity of circumstances, will give peculiar interest to the following statements. It has been frequently stated that the first Methodist emigrants to New York had so far lost their religious zeal and feeling as to neglect their religious duty, and indulge in amusements, even card-playing, in which Embury himself participated; but the most careful and minute inquiry into all the particulars of the case has shown that there is no foundation for these statements. It is true that Embury felt much discouraged, after his arrival at New York, in his isolated position, and the prevalence of religious indifference around him, and did not exercise the office of a preacher until 1766, and was then prompted to it by the appeals of Barbara Heck; but that either he or his fellow-Wesleyans engaged in card-playing is an unjust imputation. The Rev. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of the M. E. Church," states that—

"One of our best authorities in Methodistic antiquarian researches (Dr. J. B. Wakeley) says: 'The families who accompanied Philip Embury were not all Wesleyans—only a few of them; the remainder were members of the Protestant Church in Ireland, but made no profession of an experimental knowledge of God in the pardon of sin, and adoption. After their arrival in New York, with the exception of Embury and three or four

Philip Embury and his little society soon proceeded to erect a place of worship in John Street, 60 feet by 42 feet, called Wesley Chapel, in which Mr. Embury exercised the pastoral office for three years. In October, 1769, Mr. Wesley, in answer to the repeated and urgent applications of Mr. Embury and his friends sent to their assistance two preachers, Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, the former of whom relieved Mr. Embury of his onerous charge.

others, they all finally lost their sense of the fear of God and became open worldlings. Some subsequently fell into greater depths of sin than others.'

"Late in the year 1765 another vessel arrived in New York, bringing over Paul Ruckle, Luke Rose, Jacob Heck, Peter Barkman, and Henry Williams, with their families. These were Palatines—some of them relatives of Embury, and others his former friends and neighbours. A few of them only were Wesleyans. Mrs. Barbara Heck, who had been residing in New York since 1760, visited them frequently. One of the company, Paul Ruckle, was her eldest brother. It was when visiting them on one of these occasions that she found some of the party engaged in a game of cards; there is no proof that they were Wesleyans, and connected with Embury. Her spirit was roused, and, doubtless emboldened by her long and intimate acquaintance with them in Ireland, she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, and then most solemnly warned them of their danger and duty. Leaving them, she went immediately to the dwelling of Philip Embury, who was her cousin. It was located on Barrack Street, now Park Place. After narrating to him what she had seen and done, under the influence of the Divine Spirit and with power she appealed to him to be no longer silent—to preach the word forthwith. She parried his excuses, and urged him to commence at once in his own house, and to his own people. He consented, and she went out and collected four persons, who, with herself, constituted his audience. After singing and prayer, he preached to them and enrolled them in a class. He continued thereafter to meet them weekly. Embury was not among the card-players, nor in the same house with them."—*Wakeley's Lost Chapters*, chap. 2; *Dr. Roberts to the author*, quoted in *Stevens' History of the M. E. Church*, vol. i. pp. 45-55.

Dr. Stevens proceeds as follows: "The little company soon grew too large for Embury's house; they hired a more commodious room in the neighbourhood [a Rigging-Loft, 30 by 40], where he continued to conduct their worship; its expenses being met by voluntary contributions. In a few months there were two 'classes'—one of men, the other of women—including six or seven members each. No little excitement began soon to prevail in the city on account of these meetings, and they were thronged with spectators. Three musicians of a regiment in the neighbouring barracks, attracted probably by the peculiar charm of Methodist singing, were converted, and became active co-workers with Embury as

The spiritual wants of the little society in New York being then provided for, Mr. Embury and some of his relatives removed in the autumn of 1769 from the city to the country, and settled at Camden, a village in the township of Salem, Washington County, where he continued to labour as a local preacher, and formed a society, chiefly of his own countrymen, at Ashgrove—the first Methodist class within the bounds of the Troy Conference.*

The removal of Barbara Heck and family, and the surviving members of the family of Philip Embury, to Canada, is thus stated by three different writers :—

“ Barbara Heck, with her husband and all her sons (John, Jacob and Samuel), removed to Camden, N. Y. (the new home of Embury), in 1770 or 1771, and thence to Canada as early as 1774; in 1778 they were in Upper Canada, and resided in Augusta (where they formed a part of the *first* Methodist class, under the leadership of Samuel Embury, son of Philip till their deaths—Mr. Paul Heck dying in 1792, Mrs. Barbara Heck in 1804—and

exhorters. The lower classes of the people received the word gladly; the interest reached the Alms-house; Embury was invited to preach there, and the Superintendent of the Institution and several of its inmates were soon recorded among his converts. Thus American Methodism, like British Methodism and primitive Christianity, of which it was a reproduction, began among the poor, and thus was foreshadowed its honourable mission throughout the continent and throughout the world. With Christ it could say, as the supreme proof of its genuineness as a dispensation of the truth, that ‘the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.’”—*Ib.* pp. 55, 56.

*“ He was held in high estimation by his neighbours, and officiated among them not only as a preacher but as a magistrate. While mowing in his field he injured himself so severely as to die suddenly [in August, 1773, says his son], aged but forty-five years, ‘greatly beloved and much lamented,’ says Asbury. He was buried on the neighbouring farm of his Palatine friend, Peter Switzer. After reposing fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of the John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation, and increased the joys of heaven.’ Some of his family emigrated to Upper Canada, and, with the family of Barbara Heck, were among the founders of Methodism in that province.”—*Dr. Stevens's History of Methodism.*

they lie side by side in the burying ground of the 'Old Blue Church in the front of Augusta.'—*Dr. Stevens, vol. i., p. 69, in a note.*

"In 1774, various persons emigrated into Canada from New York; and among the rest Paul and Barbara Heck and their family (three sons, John, Jacob and Samuel), who assisted in the beginning of Methodism in New York."—*Playter, pp. 5, 6.*

"In 1774, in consequence of the evidently approaching revolutionary storm, and being ardently attached to British institutions, the Heck family; John Lawrence, who had married the widow of Philip Embury; David Embury, brother to Philip; and many more of the Palatines of Ashgrove—emigrated to Lower Canada, and stopped for a time near Montreal. Not being pleased with that locality, however, in 1778 they removed to Augusta, in Upper Canada. David Embury, with several of his friends, subsequently settled along the Bay of Quinte, where many of his descendants still live."—*Webster, p. 30.**

It is thus seen that Methodism in New York and Canada was founded by the same parties; that it was first preached in both Lower and Upper Canada by officers of the British army, and that its first societies were formed of those who had, on the outbreak of the American revolution, fled to Canada for peace and safety, on account of their grateful and loyal attachment to British institutions.†

* "The first Methodist Society was formed, as nearly as can be ascertained, in 1778, and numbered among its first members Paul and Barbara Heck, their three sons, John, Jacob and Samuel, and Catharine Lawrence—formerly Mrs. Philip Embury—Samuel Embury, son of Philip, and such others as felt it a privilege to unite with the class. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence opened their house for worship, and Mr. Samuel Embury was appointed leader."—*Ib. p. 30.*

† "Already since the war began, several families, influenced by feelings of loyalty and duty to the British Crown, and also to escape the distractions of the country, which appeared likely long to continue, had come to Canada, and took up their residence in or near Quebec and Montreal. But, after the disaster of Burgoyne's army in 1777, the loyalists in New York State were so discouraged that they began to look upon Canada as their only refuge. They arranged their property as well as possible, and made preparations for their departure and journey. A great number came into the Provinces each year of the continuance of the war, some by way of the sea and up the River St. Lawrence, and some through the unbroken wilderness between the inhabited parts of the New York State and those of

Such also were the loyal feelings and devotion of the first regular Methodist ministers who volunteered and were sent to minister to the spiritual wants of the new settlements in Canada, in compliance with their earnest petitions. The Rev. William Losee was the first regular preacher who came to Canada; he was sent by Bishop Asbury, at the New York Conference in 1790, in compliance with an earnest request of the Canadian people. *Losee was a loyalist*, and knew some of the settlers in Adolphus-town before they left the United States. He desired to see them, and preach to them the glad tidings of salvation. Had he been on the revolutionary side, the warm loyalists would not have received him—rather would have driven him from the country. Having preached a few times, he spoke of leaving (his visit being voluntary). The people were now anxious for a missionary to reside and labour among them, and circulated an extensively signed petition in the Midland District, to the New York Conference, for a missionary to labour in these new townships. He carried the petition to Conference, which assembled in New York, and offered to be the first preacher in these northern climes. Bishop Asbury* and the preachers were willing that an entrance should be made at this new door. William Losee was therefore allowed to return, with instructions to form a Circuit. As the Conference sat so late in the year (October, 1790), he had not time to prepare, and returned to Canada before the winter.

the Province. Great privations and distresses were endured by the emigrants. Families were six weeks on the voyage to Quebec. During the war, some of the emigrants settled on land in Upper Canada, before surveying had begun. The Hecks came to Augusta in 1778, and settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Paul Heck was a soldier for a year or two in the royal army, and obtained his discharge in August, 1778. In 1779, some families came up in boats, and settled on the site of Kingston, and along the shores of the township of Kingston.”—*Playter, p. 8.*

* “In order to ensure obedience to the Government, and to distinguish between friends and enemies, all were called upon to take an oath of allegiance to the State authorities in which they resided, and of course to *abjure allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain*. To the taking of this oath many of the preachers had conscientious scruples, which exposed them to many vexations, and obliged some of them to leave their stations. Mr. George Shadford, whose labours had been so abundantly blessed in the awakening and conversion of souls, after a day of fasting and prayer, in company with Mr. Asbury, for Divine direction, took his departure this year for England, leaving behind him the savour of a good name and many happy souls as seals to his ministry.

"In 1791, however, as soon as the winter was well set in, and the ice in the St. Lawrence strong enough to allow crossing with a horse, Mr. Losee was on his journey. He went through the wilderness of the western part of New York State, in the track of the emigrants coming into Canada, suffered hardships and many privations in journeying for some weeks through a country almost without roads and nearly without inhabitants, crossed the frontier at Kingston, and appears to have been safely in Adolphustown again in the month of February.

"The good impression made by Losee on his first coming, was strengthened by his second. The people received the word with

"As Mr. Asbury could not persuade himself to take the required oath of allegiance to the State of Maryland, where he was in the first part of the year, he retired to the State of Delaware, where he found an asylum in the house of Judge White for nearly twelve months. While the storm of war was raging around, and while all his English brethren had forsaken him and the flocks entrusted to their care, he determined to wait patiently until the tempest should subside, that he might again launch forth upon a calmer sea in quest of immortal souls. But, though he was secluded from the pursuit of his enemies in the house of his friend and patron, Judge White, he says that except for about two months, when the necessity of the case compelled him, contrary to his most ardent wishes to be silent, it was a 'season of the most active, most useful, and suffering part of his life.' Though he could not appear before the congregations on the Sabbath, he was wont to leave his retreat in the gloom of the night, and go from house to house to enforce the truths of the gospel; and notwithstanding the difficulties with which he and others had to contend in those times of trouble, they were gradually laying a foundation deep and broad, by their labours and sufferings, for that success which Methodism has since had in these United States."—*Dr. Bangs' History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, vol. i. pp. 123, 124.*

But though the Methodist ministers and their societies suffered much during the Revolution, the clergy and congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church suffered still more. The Episcopal as well as Methodist ministers were mostly Englishmen, and were loyal to the British Crown; and both, for the most part, returned to England on the breaking out of the American Revolution. The first Legislature chosen by the people of Virginia established the Anglican Church; and the next year there was a pastor for every six hundred of its population. The historian of their Church, the late Rev. Dr. Hawks, says that "When the colonists first resorted to arms, Virginia, in her sixty-one counties, contained ninety-five parishes, sixty-four churches and chapels, and ninety-one clergymen. When the contest was over, she came out of the war with a large number of churches destroyed or injured irreparably; with twenty-three of her ninety-

a ready mind, and a number were soon enjoying the salvation of the Gospel.”*

Losee was accompanied the following year by Darius Dunham, and afterwards by other preachers who volunteered to come to Canada and labour among the sparse inhabitants, and who were of like British feelings and self-sacrificing zeal with Losee himself. Though privations and poverty and hardships awaited them, the “love of Christ constrained them,”—a true British patriotism impelled them, and they counted not even their lives dear unto them, that they might impart to the dispersed emigrant loyalists of Canada the instructions and consolations of our holy religion. We know of no country the early religious history of which presents such a stamp of loyal patriotism as that of the Methodist Church of Canada in its first preachers, its first Church members, and regular missionary ministers, wholly, dependent as they were for support, or rather slender sustenance, upon their own exertions and upon the voluntary contributions, mostly in articles of food and clothing, of the widely scattered people among whom they lived and laboured.

Yet, singular to say, and incredible as it may appear, the chief charge against Methodism in Canada, and the most common ground of opposition to it, during more than thirty years was that its ministers were disaffected to the Government and institutions of the country. Such were the pretexts for the persecutions against Christianity during the first three hundred years of its history, and against Wesleyan ministers in the United States during the Revolutionary War; † and so it was in Canada.

five parishes extinct or forsaken, and of the remaining seventy-two, thirty-four were destitute of ministerial services; while of her ninety-one clergymen, twenty-eight only remained, who had lived through the storm, and these, with eight who came into the State soon after the struggle terminated, supplied thirty-six of the parishes. Of these twenty-eight, fifteen only had been enabled to continue in the churches which they had supplied prior to the commencement of hostilities, and thirteen had been driven from their cures by violence, and went to seek safety or comfort in some one of the many vacant parishes, where they might hope to find, for a time at least, exemption from the extremity of suffering.”—*Hawks' Contributions, etc., p. 153.*

* Playter's History, pp. 23, 24.

† “They had,” says one of them who witnessed their afflictions, “almost insuperable difficulties, violent oppositions, bitter persecutions, and griev-

Some of the preachers were interrupted and insulted, and seized by constables while preaching—in one or two instances headed by the Sheriff—under the pretext that they were vagabonds—the vagabond offence of preaching the gospel from place to place, to a spiritually destitute people; their assailants declaring that none but clergy of the established Church of England should preach in the colonies, though there were at that time but two such in all Upper Canada.*

ous sufferings to endure. So many of the preachers being Englishmen, and Wesley, who was the founder and chief ruler of the Methodist societies, being in England, and known to be loyal to his king, and of course unfriendly to the American measures, occasioned jealousies and suspicions that the Methodists were politically a dangerous people. Also the moral views and conscientious scruples of the people called Methodists, not being favourable on general principles to the spirit and practice of war, on this ground also, the temper of the times combining with other prejudices and passions of the day, excited jealousies which occasioned an evil report or alarm that the Methodists, preachers and people, were opposed to the American revolution.

“When the times were about the worst, Asbury and Shadford agreed to make it a matter of fasting and prayer for direction in the midst of their difficulties, what to do; whether to stay in the country, or return to England. Shadford concluded that he had an answer to leave the country and return to England; but Asbury, who received an answer to stay, replied, ‘If you are called to go, I am called to stay; so here we must part.’ Accordingly they parted to meet no more on earth. From that moment Asbury made America his country and his home. He resolved to abide among us, and at the risk of all, even of life itself, to continue to labour and to suffer with and for his American brethren. Oppositions, reproaches and persecutions rushed in against them from every quarter like a tempest. During the whole period of conflict and danger his manner of life was irreproachable. His prudence and caution as a man and a citizen, his pious and correct deportment as a Christian and a minister, were such as to put at defiance the suspicious mind and the tongue of slanders. He never meddled with politics; but in those days of suspicion and alarm, to get a preacher or society persecuted it was only necessary to excite suspicion, sound the alarm, and cry out ‘Enemies of the country!’ or ‘Tories!’”
—*Stevens' vol. i. pp. 277-279.*

* In one instance, in the Midland District, near Kingston, while Mr. McCarty, a Whitefield Methodist, but recognized by the Wesleyans, “was preaching,” says Mr. Playter, “one Sunday at Robert Perry’s, four armed men came up; and leaving their guns outside, rushed into the house to seize the preacher, intending to carry him off to Kingston jail. But the congregation opposing, and Mr. Perry agreeing to give bail for the man’s appearance in Kingston on the morrow, the men went away. The next

Amidst privations, and labours, and sufferings—to be noted hereafter—the pioneer Methodist preachers toiled on their vast circuits, and adding new ones, until the war of the United States against Great Britain from 1812 to 1815, during the whole of which not a single Methodist was found in the ranks of the invaders of their country, but very many of them were amongst its defenders.

The only shadow of pretext for the imputation against the loyalty of the first Methodist preachers was their ordination and appointment by an American bishop. As well might disaffection to the American Government have been imputed to the Episcopalian clergy, because, on the ground of ecclesiastical order, they received ordination from English bishops. Besides, for twenty years, the voluntary preachers for the then wilds of Canada were accepted, ordained and appointed by the venerable Asbury, who had retired into concealment during the American Revolutionary War rather than abjure his oath of allegiance to his King, or take an oath of allegiance to any American State authority until after the acknowledgment of American Independence by Great Britain.

After the close of that eventful war [1812-15], the Clergy Reserves began to be available, and more systematic measures were adopted for the religious and educational institutions of the country. The "Clergy Reserves" consisted of *one-seventh* of all the surveyed lands of Upper Canada, set apart by the "Constitutional Act," 31st George the Third, chapter 31, which established the parliamentary government of Upper Canada, for the "support of a

day Mr. Perry took the preacher to Kingston, and brought him to the Sheriff, who refused to have aught to do with the man. Under some false pretext he was arrested and cast into prison; but was liberated again on his friend again becoming bail, and returned home [where he had a wife and four children, among whom is Mr. John McCarty, of Cobourg]. On the expiration of the bail, Mr. McCarty repaired to Kingston. And now his enemies resolved that he should never go back to preach. [Having obtained the condemnation by Judge Cartwright of Mr. McCarty, as a vagabond, for preaching the glad tidings of the gospel from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, where his family resided,] he was seized, thrown into a boat under the care of four Frenchmen, who were directed to leave him on one of the then desolate islands of the St. Lawrence; here they landed him, left him, and he was never heard of afterwards."—"Undoubtedly McCarty was a martyr for the gospel; and so he was regarded by the early inhabitants."—*Playter*, pp. 17, 18.

Protestant clergy," in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic clergy of Lower Canada, who were largely endowed by tithes and lands. It was intended that Upper Canada should be an English and Protestant province, while Lower Canada should be French and Roman Catholic. In Lower Canada there was no legislative endowment for Protestantism; in Upper Canada there was no legislative endowment for Romanism.

It was now claimed that the Protestant clergy of the Constitutional Act of 1791 were the clergy of the Church of England alone, which, it was maintained, was *the* established Church of Upper Canada as well as of England and Ireland. Not only was one-seventh of the lands of the Province claimed as the patrimony of the clergy of that Church, but large English parliamentary grants were applied for, and a large endowment of land was granted for a University College, including a Faculty of Theology, all under the direction of the authorities of that Church and based on its Articles of Religion and Service of Worship.

But even this monstrous system might not have excited much attention or opposition, had it not appeared, from the documents and papers which projected and advocated it, that the great object of the whole scheme was not merely the support of the Church of England in the country, but the extermination of other religious persuasions, especially of the Methodists, who were represented as republicans and overrunning the country, and whose influence was represented as hostile to the civil and religious institutions of England.

But as this great and protracted controversy will be the subject of a distinct paper, in this series of Essays, I will only here remark that the parties assailed combined and put forth their united efforts in vindication of their character and rights, and after a struggle of nearly a quarter of a century were completely successful in establishing those equal civil and religious rights and liberties which at this day make the inhabitants of the wide Dominion of Canada the most loyal and freest people in the vast Empire of Great Britain.

It may be added, that, in compliance with the petitions of various denominations, the Commons House of Assembly appointed a Select Committee which examined and reported the evidence of no less than *fifty-three* witnesses, consisting of the leading men of different parties. In the address to the King,

founded on this evidence, the House of Assembly (a majority of whose members were Episcopalians) employed the following language in regard to the Methodist ministers of that day, 20th March, 1828 :

“ We humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty that the insinuations against the Methodist preachers in this Province do much injustice to a body of pious and deserving men, who justly enjoy the confidence and are the spiritual instructors of a large portion of your Majesty’s subjects in this Province. We are convinced that the tendency of their influence and instruction is not hostile to our institutions, but, on the contrary, is eminently favourable to religion and morality ; ~~that~~ their labours are calculated to make their people better men and better subjects ; and have already produced in this Province the happiest effects.”

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O PLODDING life, crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care !
The body’s daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain, by night and day
Working, with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain ;
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart ! so quick to feel
In others’ woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthral,
And sordid treasures fill it all ;
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul ! thus to debase
The being God doth spare !
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own .
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone ;
Make room for Jesus there.

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus’ heart a place ;
For ever closed the door of grace,
Thou’lt gain no entrance there.

A WONDERFUL RIVER.

BY THE REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

"I open the windows and seem almost,
 So still is the ocean, to hear the beat
 Of its great Gulf Artery off the coast,
 And to bask in its tropic heat."

—*Bret Harte.*

THIRTY hours out from New York, *en route* to Bermuda, the traveller becomes conscious of a sudden change of climate. From the raw chill of an American March or April, he passes, almost instantaneously, into the temperature of June. A question as to the cause of the sudden change elicits from the officer on deck the information that the ship has entered the famous Gulf Stream, the most wonderful river in the world. What! a river in the ocean! Even so; a river which takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, and finds its "outlet" in the Arctic Sea; a river whose "banks and bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm;" a river whose "current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater."

The cause of this wonderful phenomenon has always been a puzzle to scientific men, and even in the present day is but partially understood. Early writers on the subject asserted that it was caused by the waters of the Mississippi flowing into the Mexican Gulf, and finding an outlet to the ocean by the Straits of Bemini, off the Florida coast; but further investigation proves that the volume of the Mississippi was not equal to the three-thousandth part of the volume of the Gulf Stream, and that while the latter is intensely salt, the waters of the former are fresh. It is evident, moreover, that just as much salt as escapes from the Mexican Gulf, must return through some other channel, otherwise it would ultimately become a fresh-water basin.

Others asserted that the phenomenon had its origin in "the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, and the influence he has on the waters of the Atlantic." This hypothesis was too deep for most people, and was soon supplanted by another, which, strange to

say, received the support of Benjamin Franklin, namely, that the Stream was simply the escaping of the waters that had been forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade-winds. This hypothesis, of course, necessitated the opinion that the waters of the Mexican Gulf had a higher level than those of the Atlantic; and hence one writer likens the Stream to "an immense river descending from a higher level into a plain." Here again investigation proves fatal to theory. In the Florida Pass the Gulf Stream was found to have an average breadth of thirty-two miles, a depth of 370 fathoms, or 2220 feet, and a mean velocity of four knots per hour. Off Cape Hatteras the breadth had increased to about seventy-five miles, with a mean velocity of three knots an hour, while the depth had decreased by nearly fifty per cent. Thus we have the astounding spectacle of a river of mighty volume whose lower depths force their way up an inclined plane, the ascent of which is nearly eighteen inches to the mile.

There are three characteristics which distinguish the waters of the Gulf Stream from those of the surrounding ocean, viz.: temperature, saltness, and colour. Off Cape Hatteras the temperature of the Stream is some 25° higher than that of the waters beneath or beside it, and this characteristic is preserved, though with decreasing intensity, till it enters the Arctic Sea. The saltness of the Gulf Stream is also much greater than that of the surrounding ocean, except in the trade-winds region, and this imparts a distinct colour, preserved for a vast distance. Off the Carolina coast the water of the Stream is of a deep indigo blue, and the line of junction with the common sea-water is so distinctly marked that it can be readily traced by the eye.

This vast volume of water, escaping from the Gulf of Mexico, must find some way of return, else the equilibrium of the ocean would soon be destroyed. Numerous experiments made by means of bottles thrown overboard from ships in various parts of the ocean, seem to prove that the waters from all parts of the Atlantic tend towards the Gulf of Mexico and its Stream. These currents and counter-currents present a strange phenomenon. While the waters of the Gulf Stream are hastening to the North, a cold stream from Baffin's Bay and Labrador is running with equal velocity to the South. These currents meet off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the cold stream divides, one part of it under-running the Gulf Stream, as shown

by the direction of the icebergs, and flowing southward till it reaches the Caribbean Sea; while the other part tends to the south-west, past Nantucket Island, and runs between the Gulf Stream and the coast, to replace, in part, the waters sent forth by the former from the Gulf of Mexico.

Off the Banks of Newfoundland the course of the Gulf Stream is deflected nearly due east. At this point the floating icebergs of the polar current are met and melted by the warm waters of the Stream, and their loads of earth, stones, and gravel deposited. This process, continued for ages, has doubtless formed the Banks of Newfoundland, and may yet lift their surface above the level of the sea. This view, as to the origin of the Banks, has been confirmed by deep-sea soundings, which show that coming from the north the bottom of the sea is shelving; but on the southern edge of the Banks there is a precipitous descent of many thousand feet.

The polar currents which cross the Gulf Stream in the region of the Banks of Newfoundland, are not the only channels by which the waters return to the South. On the eastern side of the Atlantic a vast surface current flows by the shores of Portugal, and down the west coast of Africa, till it reaches the Cape Verde Islands, where it divides,—part continuing on into the South Atlantic, while the other branch turns westward, and, under the name of the great Equatorial Current, crosses the Atlantic, and through the Caribbean Sea enters the Gulf of Mexico, once more to swell the volume of the Gulf Stream.

The influence of the Gulf Stream upon climate is of the most marked and beneficial description. Apart from this wise arrangement in the economy of nature, the climates of France and England would be as inhospitable as that of Labrador. But the Gulf Stream, taking up the heated waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, conveys them through a well-defined channel, for thousands of miles, carrying the temperature of summer beyond the 40th degree of north latitude, and then spreads them out over thousands of square leagues, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth, mitigating the rigours of an European winter. On reaching the British Islands the Stream divides, one part flowing into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other into the Bay of Biscay. The amount of heat thus dispensed is something enormous. Approximate calculations show that—assuming the

temperature and velocity at the depth of 200 fathoms to be the same as at the surface—"the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat." It is this beneficent agent that makes Ireland the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and robes the shores of Albion in brightest green.

Most persons are now familiar with the method by which houses are warmed by means of hot water. Boiling water from a caldron is conveyed through an iron pipe into a hot-air chamber. The pipes are then flared out or arranged in coils, so as to present the largest amount of cooling surface, after which they are again united in one, through which the water, having parted with its heat, returns of its own accord to the caldron. The result is a complete system of circulation,—cool water constantly flowing in at the bottom of the caldron, while hot water is as constantly flowing out at the top. The atmosphere, heated by its contact with the pipes in the hot-air chamber, is then conducted to all parts of the building. Now it is remarkable that in this, one of the latest methods of heating buildings, man has but imitated—perhaps unconsciously—Nature's handiwork in the economy of the Gulf Stream. In this case "the furnace is the Torrid Zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the hot-air chamber in which this pipe is flared out so as to present a large cooling surface," and here the heat is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispensed, in the most benign manner, through Great Britain and the west of Europe.

But this is not all. While the Gulf Stream softens the climate of Europe, the return currents of cool water temper the fierce heats of the region around the Caribbean Sea. The peculiar features of the country are such that but for the cooling effect of these polar currents, it would be the hottest, and perhaps the most pestilential, climate in the world. But as the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico become heated, they are carried off by the Gulf Stream, and their place supplied by cooler currents from the North. The surface water as it enters the Caribbean Sea is three or four degrees, and the deeper

water (say at 240 fathoms) forty degrees cooler than when it escapes from the Gulf. A simple calculation, based upon these figures, shows that there is carried off every day by the Gulf Stream a quantity of heat sufficient to melt mountains of iron, and to keep flowing from them a stream of molten metal greater in volume than the waters discharged daily by the Mississippi. The remarkable balance of temperature thus secured is indicated by the fact that off the Coast of Spitzbergen the water, at corresponding depths, is only one degree colder than in the Caribbean Sea.

There is another aspect of this great ocean river which is not so pleasant to contemplate: it is, in nautical phrase, the great "weather-breeder" of the North Atlantic. The most furious gales sweep along its track; and the fogs of Newfoundland, the dread of mariners, owe their existence to the immense volumes of warm water brought by it into that colder sea. The most terrific storms that rage on the ocean have been known to spend their fury within or near its borders. In 1780 a fearful hurricane began at Barbadoes. At the different islands not less than 20,000 persons lost their lives on land; while out on the ocean the *Stirling Castle* and *Dover Castle* men-of-war went down, and fifty sail were driven ashore at the Bermudas. These storms are occasioned, it is said, "by the irregularity between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and the neighbouring regions, both in the air and water;" and yet this hardly explains the strange affinity which ocean gales seem to have for the Stream. Gales that took their rise on the coast of Africa have been traced, by an examination of log-books, straight across the Atlantic to the Gulf Stream, where, turning about, they have travelled with the Stream till they have reached the coast of Europe, marking their pathway by wreck and disaster. The fact is plain; but *why* these storms should obey, in this manner, the influence of this tropic river, scientific men have not yet explained.

It may easily be supposed that an ocean phenomenon so powerful and far reaching as the Gulf Stream could not be without its influence on commerce and navigation. This influence was greater a century ago, when navigators were less skilful and their instruments less perfect, than now. At that time it was no uncommon thing for sea captains to be six, eight, or even ten degrees of longitude out of their reckoning, in as many days

from port; and although vessels had crossed and recrossed the Stream almost daily for centuries, it did not occur to navigators to make use of it as a means of determining their reckoning, until it was suggested by Benjamin Franklin. The difference in temperature between the water of the Gulf Stream and that of the polar current flowing between it and the coast of America, was very great; the dividing line, especially on the western side, was sharply defined; while its position in longitude did not change by a very serious amount. Hence it occurred to Dr. Franklin that a knowledge of these facts might afford to navigators, on the way to America, reliable data for ascertaining their whereabouts. But although the discovery was made in 1775, political reasons prevented its publication till 1790, after which the northern ports became as accessible in winter as in summer.

Approaching the northern coast of the United States in winter is always dangerous. The mariner is often met by pitiless snow-storms and baffling gales against which his strength and skill avail but little. A few hours is sufficient to cover the ship from deck to main-truck with a coating of ice; and the sailors, with benumbed and stiffening fingers, are utterly incapacitated for their wonted tasks. But with his knowledge of the Gulf Stream,—its temperature and extent,—the captain knows that he can soon reach a more genial clime; and so, putting his ship before the wind, he speeds away from storm and cold, and in the course of a few hours at most, passes, almost at a bound, from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. In an hour the ice is gone from rope and spar; the sailor bathes his benumbed limbs in tepid water, and, refreshed by the genial warmth, prepares to renew his battle with the storm and gain the wished-for port.

The immediate effect of Franklin's discovery was to make the northern ports as accessible in winter as in summer, and this was followed by a speedy decline in the trade of the Southern ports. It is quite possible this decline was not due solely to the cause above mentioned; but there can be no doubt that it formed a principal factor in producing the change. In 1769 the commerce of the two Carolinas equalled that of all the New England States. But in 1795, by which time the nature of the Gulf Stream was becoming better understood, the *customs* at Philadelphia alone amounted to nearly \$3,000,000, being more than one-half the customs collected in all the States together, and nearly three-

fourths of the entire *commerce* (imports and exports) of Philadelphia, twenty-six years before. Up till this time Charleston had been the great commercial emporium of North America; but the knowledge which had been gained of the current and temperature of the Gulf Stream shortened the average voyage from England to the northern ports from more than eight weeks to a little more than four, and thus changed the position of Charleston from a "half-way house" to an outside station, and turned the tide of commerce to Philadelphia and New York.

Such are a few of the leading facts concerning this wonderful ocean-river. To the merely scientific student they present curious phenomena connected with the economy of "Nature" in the "great and wide sea;" but to the more thoughtful reader they will suggest many a profitable reflection concerning the wisdom, power, and goodness of Him whom "winds and seas obey." Were it not for these beneficent currents the ocean would quickly lose its healthful properties, and become like the stagnant, rotting sea of the poet's vision, where

"Its water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white."

But no such mistakes occur in the government of Him who is "wise in counsel and wonderful in working." He hath appointed to the sea bounds which it cannot pass, and within those bounds the vast machinery of a ceaseless activity moves by the impulse of His touch. The mighty waves lift themselves at His bidding, and are stilled again at His word. "He measures the waters in the hollow of His hand," and teaches their currents how and where to flow; nor shall the mighty pulses of old ocean's life cease to throb till that day when the "new earth" shall appear, and there shall be "no more sea."

"SCORN not the slightest word or deed
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.
No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently."

GREAT REFORMERS.

*SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR OF FLORENCE.**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

ON a bright July day of the year 1879, I stood in the vast and shadowy Duomo of Florence, where, four hundred years ago, the great Savonarola proclaimed, like a new Elijah, to awe-struck thousands, the impending judgments of Heaven upon their guilty city. I went thence to the famous Monastery of San Marco, of which he was prior. I paced the frescoed cloisters where he was wont to con his breviary, and the long corridors lined on either side with the prison-like cells of the cowed brotherhood. I stood in the bare bleak chamber of the martyr-monk, in which he used to weep and watch and write and pray. I sat in his chair. I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy. The same day I stood in the dungeon vaults of the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, lurid with crimson memories, where the great Reformer was imprisoned; and in the great square whence his brave soul ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre: and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic spirit who, amid these memory-haunted scenes, four centuries ago spoke brave words for God and truth and liberty, that thrill our souls to-day.

The age in which Savonarola lived was one of the most splendid in the history of European art and literature. Even during the darkness of the middle ages, the lamp of learning

* The principal authorities consulted in the preparation of this sketch are the following :—Dinwiddie's *Life of Savonarola*, McCrie's *Reformation in Italy*, Roscoe's *Lives of Leo X. and Lorenzo de Medici*, Macaulay on *Macchiavelli* and *Ranke's History of the Popes*, Hallam's *Middle Ages*, and *Baedeker's Florence*. "George Eliot" has made Savonarola and his times the subject of *Romola*, the grandest of her works. To her studies of mediæval Italian history I am indebted for much of the information in these pages.

was fanned into a flickering flame in many a lonely monkish cell, and the love of liberty was cherished in the free cities of the Italian peninsula. But with the dawn of the Renaissance came a sunburst of light that banished the night of ages. The fall of Constantinople scattered throughout Western Europe the scholars who still spoke the language of Homer and of Chrysostom, and taught the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. The agents of Lorenzo il Magnifico swept the monasteries of the Levant for the precious MSS., the flotsam and jetsam of the ancient world, which had drifted into these quiet retreats. The invention of a German mechanic gave new wings to this rescued learning, and from the presses of Florence, Venice, and Rome, and later, of Amsterdam, Paris, and London, it flew abroad on all the winds. In Italy the Arethusan fount of long-buried art and science sprang to life, sparkling and flashing in the new-found light. From the rich soil of the Campagna were daily rescued fresh relics of the past—lovely marble torsos, whose very fragments were at once the rapture and despair of the new-born instinct of art. Rome woke to the consciousness of the priceless wealth long buried in her bosom. The earth seemed to renew her youth. There were giants in those days. Michael Angelo, great as poet, painter, and sculptor; Da Vinci, Ghiberti, Celini, Fra Lippi, Macchiavelli, Petrarch, Politian—a brotherhood of art and letters never equalled in the world.*

But no good or evil is unmixed. This revived learning brought with it a revived paganism. This quickened art contained the

* Not among the "giants" of the time, but as one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is to be mentioned Fra Angelico, whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn the cells of San Marco. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer. Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the Seven Sorrows of Mary or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel—caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power. Well did the saintly painter wear the name of Fra Angelico—the Angelic Brother.

seeds of its own moral taint. Social corruption and political tyranny and treachery flourished amid this too stimulating atmosphere. The moral antiseptic of a vital Christianity was wanting. The salt had lost its savour, and moral corruption ensued. The state of the Church was at its very worst. The Papacy was never more Heaven-defying in its wickedness. A succession of human monsters occupied St. Peter's chair. Paul II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and the infamous Borgia—Alexander VI.—had converted the Vatican into a theatre of the most odious vices. While wearing the title of Christ's Vicars on earth, they were utterly pagan in sentiment and worse than pagan in life. "They regarded," says Macaulay, "the Christian mysteries of which they were the stewards, just as the Augur Cicero and the Pontifex Maximus Cæsar regarded the Sibylline books and the pecking of the sacred chickens. Among themselves they spoke of the Incarnation, the Eucharist, and the Trinity in the same tone in which Cotta and Velleius talked of the oracle of Delphi, or of the voice of Faunus in the mountains." Said Leo X.—himself a priest at eight and a cardinal at fourteen years of age—to his secretary Bembo, "All ages know well enough of what advantage this fable about Christ has been to us and ours." The same Bembo cautions a friend against reading the Epistles of St. Paul, "lest his taste should be corrupted." Of the works of Macchiavelli, the foremost writer of the times, says Macaulay, "Such a display of wickedness, naked yet not ashamed: such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men." Yet the highest honours of his age were heaped upon him, and at the first courts of Italy his atrocious sentiments evoked no condemnation, but rather the warmest approval.

The city of Florence was, not even excepting Rome, the chief seat of the Renaissance revival in Italy. It was the very focus of art, of literature, of commerce. Its revenue, says Macaulay, was greater than that which both England and Ireland yielded to Elizabeth. Its cloth manufactures employed thirty thousand workmen. Eighty banks transacted its business, and that of Europe, on a scale that might surprise "even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothschilds." "Every place," he continues, "to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic, from the bazaars of the Tigris to the mon-

asteries of the Clyde, was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting and sculpture were munificently encouraged. We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy—to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the manufactories swarming with artizans, the Appenines covered with rich cultivation to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence. . . . But alas! for the beautiful city. A time was at hand when all the seven vials of the Apocalypse were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries—a time for slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair.”

A characteristic of Florence has ever been her passionate love of liberty. On her arms for six hundred years has been inscribed the glorious word ‘*Libertas*.’ When other cities crouched beneath the heel of tyrants she flourished as a free Republic. At length the princely House of the Medici obtained a sway which was really that of a monarch. The ostentatious prodigality of Lorenzo the Magnificent, at once beguiled Florence of her liberty, corrupted her virtue, and hastened the calamities by which she was overwhelmed.

At this time, and on such a stage, God called the great Savonarola to play his brief but heroic part. The grandest soul of the fifteenth century animated his frail body. He beheld with dismay the awful corruptions of the times. He foretold the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the land. He sought to set up Christ’s throne in the earth. Like John the Baptist he was a voice crying, “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Like John the Baptist he fell a martyr to the truth which he proclaimed.

Savonarola was the scion of a noble family of Padua, but he was born at the ancient city of Ferrara, whose mouldering

palaces and deserted streets still speak of its former opulence and splendour. He derived much of his heroic character from his brave-souled mother, who recalls the noble women of the early days of Rome. To her unfaltering faith his heart turned ever for support and inspiration even in his sternest trials and his darkest hour. He had been educated for the profession of medicine, but the deeper misery of the world's moral maladies were to demand his sympathy and succour rather than its physical ills. He felt in his soul a call of God to devote himself to a religious life, and he fled from a world lying in wickedness to the cloistered seclusion of the Dominican monastery of Bologna. Here he performed the humblest duties of the convent, toiling in the garden, or repairing the garments of the monks. "Make me as one of thy hired servants" was the cry of his world-weary heart as he sought refuge in the quiet of God's house. At the same time he devoted every hour of leisure to the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, to those of St. Augustine, and, above all, to the study of the Word of God. He was much given to prayer and fasting, to perplexed and often tearful thought. Like all great souls he nourished his spiritual strength by solitary communings with God, and wrestling with the great problems of duty and destiny. In two poems of this period, *De Ruina Mundi* and *De Ruina Ecclesiæ*, he mourns over the moral ruin of the Church and of the world.

In his soul there rankled, too, deep and tender wound of disappointed human affection. In his youth he had loved with all the passionate ardour of his nature a daughter of the princely House of Strozzi. But the impaired fortunes of his family caused the rejection of his suit—it is said with scorn—by the proud patrician.

The zealous neophyte was greatly grieved at the ignorance and worldliness of the monks. But he found congenial employment in teaching them the principles of philosophy, and in expounding the Scriptures. His first attempt at public preaching, by which he was afterwards to sway so wonderfully the hearts of men, were very disheartening. In his native town of Ferrara he could not get a hearing, and he somewhat bitterly remarked, "A prophet has no honour in his own country." Even in Florence his first audiences never exceeded twenty-five persons collected

in the corner of a vast church. "I could not," he said, "so much as move a chicken."

But "the Word of God was as a fire in his bones," and could not be restrained. On his removal to the convent of San Marco he besought the prayers of the brethren and essayed to preach. He began a course of sermons on the Book of Revelation "and applied," says his biographer "with tremendous force the imagery of John's vision to the condition and prospects of Italy. With a voice that rolled like thunder or pierced with the wild and mournful anguish of the loosened winds, he denounced the iniquities of the time, and foretold the tribulations that were at hand." Soon, so rapidly his audience grew, he had to leave the chapel and preach in the open cloisters, "standing beneath a damask rose tree," to the multitudes who thronged to hear. To this day the place is pointed out, and a damask rose still marks the spot. He had found, at length, his work, and for the remaining eight years of his life his voice was the most potent in Italy.

The burden of his preaching, he tells us, were these three propositions: "That the Church of God would be renovated in the then present time; that fearful judgments would precede that renovation; and that these things would come soon." With the annointed vision of the seer, discerning wisely the signs of the times, he exhorted men to repentance from sin and reformation of life.

Soon the convent of San Marco became too small to hold the crowd of eager listeners, and the great Duomo became thenceforth the theatre of the mighty eloquence of the preaching friar. The pale face and deep dark eyes gazed around on the vast assembly, and the thrilling, awe-inspiring voice filled the mighty dome. Before him were gathered the various types of the many-coloured life of Florence: "Politicians who only thought of how they could best promote the advantage of their country or themselves; courtiers who spent their life in frivolity and gilded sin, and like resplendent moths fluttered about the light that consumed them; philosophers who made Aristotle or Plato their study and guide; artists who, having caught the Renaissance spirit, were more heathen than Christian in their conceptions and aims; merchants, too, and tradesmen, and artisans, and labourers, and country peasants—all flocked to

hear the eloquent and mysterious friar, and all heard something which, in spite of themselves, cut deep into their heart and conscience. At times a simultaneous and universal sob would rise audibly from the breasts of his multitudinous hearers; at other times tears would appear in all eyes, moistening the driest, and flowing freely from the sensitive and tender; yet again, there were moments when a manifestation of horror ran through the whole assembly. And not seldom, when men and women, of all conditions, left the cathedral, after some overwhelming display of holy passion, whether of indignation, or of sorrow and pity, there was a silence amongst them all, utter and solemn, which told, more than words could do, of the profound impression the faithful preacher had made."

The bold preaching of the eloquent monk proved very distasteful to the princely Lorenzo de Medici, by whom he had been promoted to the dignity of prior of San Marco. He, therefore, after attempting in vain to bribe him with gifts, sent a message threatening banishment from the city unless he learned more courtly ways. "Tell Lorenzo, from me," was the intrepid answer, "that though he is the first in the state, and I a foreigner and a poor brother, it will, nevertheless, happen that I shall remain after he is gone." These bold words were afterwards called to mind, as the greatest of the Medici lay upon his death-bed. In that solemn hour the dying prince sent for the only man in Florence who had dared to cross his will. The faithful preacher urged, as the condition of Divine pardon, reparation for deeds of oppression, and the restoration of the usurped liberties of Florence. But the ruling passion was strong in death, and the prince passed to the tribunal of the skies without the priestly absolution that he craved.

The succeeding prince, Piero de Medici, was no less a tyrant than his sire. But the pulpit of Savonarola continued to be the ruling power in Florence. The bold monk was therefore banished to Bologna, where he ceased not to proclaim the judgments of God. At length he returned, on foot, with nothing but his staff and wallet, to the destined scene of his brief triumph and glorious martyrdom.

Foreseeing the evils that threatened the state, he saw, or thought he saw, in the midst of the smiling heavens, the vision of a sword bearing the words "*Gladius Domini super*

terram cito et velociter—The sword of the Lord on the earth, swiftly and soon.” That sword proved to be the French king, Charles VIII., who, with a powerful army, subdued the peninsula as far as Naples. As the tread of armies drew near, again the prophetic voice of Savonarola was heard in the great Duomo, proclaiming the judgments of God in tones which come across the ages and move our souls to-day. His text was, “Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.” “Behold,” he said, “the cup of your iniquity is full. Behold the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil and who will punish us? To you I say, The presence of God shall be revealed in His temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence; for God will no longer endure the pollution of His sanctuary; He will thoroughly purge His church.

“Ye say in your hearts, God lives afar off, and His word is a parchment written by dead men, and He deals not as in the days of old. But I cry again in your ears: God is near, and not afar off. His judgments change not. He is the God of armies. The strong men who go up to battle are His ministers, even as the storm and fire and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of His angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land: has not God placed His sanctuary in thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold the ministers of His wrath are upon thee—they are at thy very doors.

“Yet there is a pause. There is a stillness before the storm. Lo! there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes. The winds are stayed that the voice of God’s warning may be heard. Hear it now, O Florence, chosen city in the chosen land! Repent and forsake evil; do justice; love mercy; put away all uncleanness from among you, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

“For the sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering; it is about to fall! The sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden! Is there not a king with his army at the gates? Does not the earth shake with the tread of the horses and the wheels of the swift cannon? Is there not a fierce multitude that can lay bare the land as with a sharp razor? God shall guide them as the hand guides a sharp sickle, and the joints of the wicked shall melt before Him; and they shall be mown down as stubble. And the tyrants who make to themselves a throne out of the vices of the multitude, and the unbelieving priests who traffic in the souls of men and fill the very sanctuary with fornication, shall be hurled from their soft couches into burning hell; and the pagans and they who sinned under the old covenant shall stand aloof and say: ‘Lo! these men have brought the stench of a new wickedness into the everlasting fire!’

“But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the cross is held out to you; come and be healed. Wash yourselves from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathen; put away the envy and hatred which have made your city even as a lair of wolves. And then shall no harm happen to you; and the passage of armies shall be to you as the flight of birds; and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations.

“Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that, but for your sakes, I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. For you I toil, for you I languish, for you my nights are spent in watching, and my soul melteth away for very heaviness. O Lord, Thou knowest I am willing, I am ready. Take me, stretch me on Thy cross; let the wicked, who delight in blood, and rob the poor, and defile the temple of their bodies, and harden themselves against Thy mercy—let them wag their heads and shoot out the lip at me; let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be like Thee in Thy great love. But let me see the fruit of my travail; let this people be saved! Let me see them clothed in purity; let me hear their voices rise in concord as the voices of angels; let them see no wisdom but Thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness. Then shall they lead the way

before the nations, and the people from the four winds shall follow them, and be gathered into the fold of the saved. Come, O blessed promise! And behold I am willing—lay me on the altar; let my blood flow and the fire consume me; but let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity may not prosper forever.”

Nor were the labours of Savonarola for the welfare of Florence confined to the pulpit of the Duomo. He went forth alone and on foot as an embassy to the invader, Charles VIII. In the spirit of Elijah rebuking Ahab he boldly admonished him. “Most Christian King,” he began, “thou art an instrument in the Lord’s hand, who sends thee to assuage the miseries of Italy (as I have foretold for many years past), and lays on thee the duty of reforming the Church which lies prostrate in the dust. But if thou failest to be just and merciful; if thou dost not show respect to the city of Florence, to its women, its citizens, its liberty; if thou forgettest the work for which the Lord sends thee; He will then choose another to perform it, and will in anger let His hand fall heavily upon thee, and will punish thee with dreadful scourges. These things I say to thee in the name of the Lord.”

Once again “a poor wise man by his wisdom delivered a city,” besieged by its enemies. The humble monk was a stronger defence of Florence than its walls and moats and armaments. Its ruler, Piero de Medici, fled in the hour of peril, and, in the disguise of a liveried lackey, sought an asylum in Venice. His palace was sacked and his art treasures scattered by the fickle mob, whom only the influence of Savonarola could call back to order. The French armies entered the city as allies instead of as enemies. Their long stay, however, wore out their welcome. Charles submitted an *ultimatum* which Capponi, the tribune of the people, refused to accept. “Then we will sound our trumpets,” exclaimed the irritated king, threatening force. “And we,” cried the patriot tribune, rending the parchment in pieces, “we will ring our bells.” And the old cow, as the Florentines called the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, began to low,* its deep reverberations sounding like a tocsin over the

* *La vacca muglia* was the phrase for the ringing of this great bell, whose deep-toned notes still boom from its lofty tower.

city, where every house would become a fortress and every citizen a soldier for the defence of its ancient rights.

Again Savonarola became the champion of liberty. Again he bearded the lion in his lair, and in the name of Heaven commanded the invader to depart. And again the haughty King of France obeyed the words of the preaching friar.

Piero had fled, Charles had retired, and Florence was free to adopt a new constitution. Again all eyes were turned toward Savonarola, as the noblest mind and most potent will in Italy. And he shrank not from the task. He longed to see Christ's kingdom established in the earth—a kingdom of truth and righteousness, with God as its supreme ruler and lawgiver. "Your reform," he said, "must begin with things spiritual, which are superior to all that are material, which constitute the rule of life, and are life itself; and all that is temporal ought to be subservient to morals and to religion on which it depends. If you wish to have a good government, it must be derived from God. I certainly would not concern myself with the affairs of State were it not for that end."

A Great Council, a Council of eighty, and a Court of eight magistrates, were therefore appointed to administer the affairs of the city, on the model of the ancient Republic of Venice. Taxation was equalized, and a right of appeal secured to the Great Council of the people. Yet the prior of San Marco sought no personal power. "He was never to be seen in the meetings in the Piazza," writes his contemporary, Vellari, "nor at the sittings of the Signoria; but he became the very soul of the whole people, and the chief author of all the laws by which the new Government was constituted." From his bare and solitary cell his imperial spirit ruled the souls of men by the right divine of truth and righteousness.

"The authority of Savonarola," writes an unfriendly critic,* "was now at its highest. Instead of a republic, Florence assumed the appearance of a theocracy, of which Savonarola was the prophet, the legislator, and the judge." A coin of this period is still extant, bearing a cross and the legend, JESUS CHRISTUM REX NOSTER—Jesus Christ, our King; and over the portal of the civic palace was placed the inscription, JESUS CHRISTUS REX FLORENTINI POPULI.

* Roscoe, *Life of Leo X.*, p. 346.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

THE construction of the Canada Pacific Railway across this great continent, from the valley of the Ottawa to the tide waters of the Pacific Coast, is one of the greatest engineering undertakings of modern times, and one in which every Canadian should feel a patriotic pride. The recent letting of the contracts for the 125 miles from Yale to Kamloops, on the Burrard Inlet route, marks another stage in the progress of this great national work. Few of the public have any idea of the vastness and the difficulties of the task. This part of the route has been well described as a perfect "sea of mountains." Around, or over, or *through* these the railway must pass. The latter course, indeed, is often adopted, there being no less than six miles of tunnelling in this short distance. The intervening valleys and "canyons" must be bridged or filled, to make a highway for the commerce of two hemispheres which shall soon flow through this wilderness.

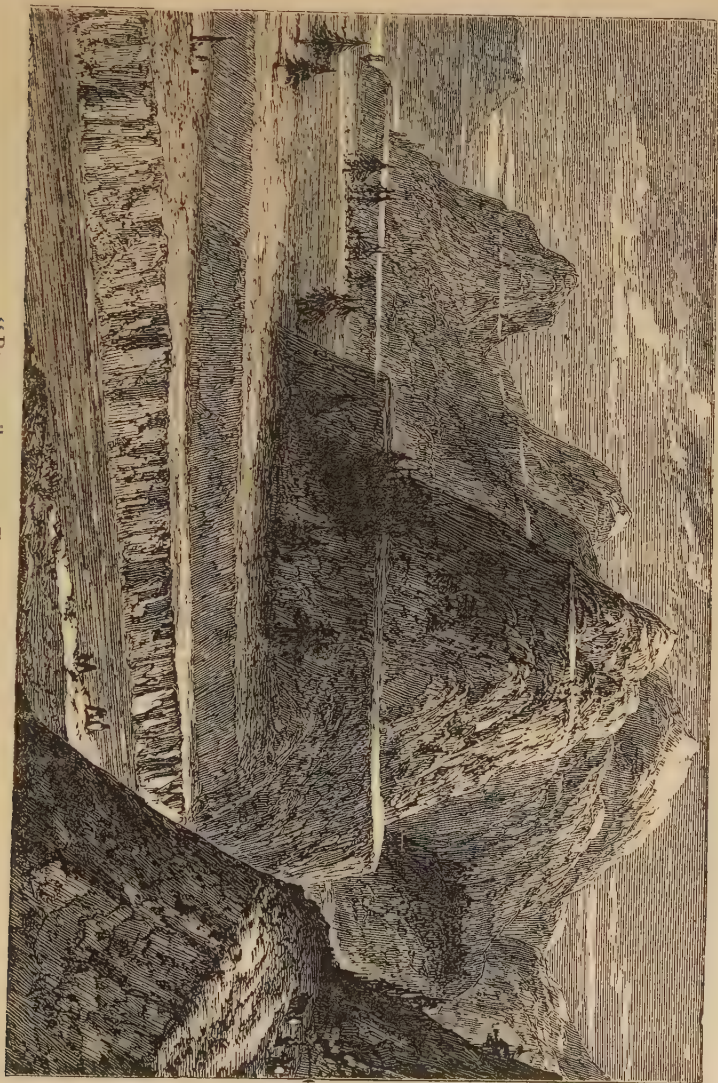
For seventy miles the road runs along the left bank of the Thompson river. This is over very difficult ground, the valley being a succession of benches varying from twenty to several hundred feet in height, furrowed by deep lateral ravines. The general character of these curious benches is shown in our engraving. They seem to have been caused by successive elevations, or depressions, of the whole region, with intervening periods of rest. The Frazer River is to be crossed at a point where it is 1,500 feet wide.

Each firm that tenders for this gigantic work must deposit with the Government a sum of \$20,000, as a guarantee of their good faith, the deposit to be returned to those who are unsuccessful. The firm to whom the tender is awarded must deposit the sum of \$500,000, as a pledge of its fulfilment. The contract for this section reaches near ten millions of dollars. One of the great difficulties of the task will be the transportation of men, material, machinery, supplies and the like, to such a distance. This difficulty is increased by the absence of roads, and the great cost of their construction. Much of the heavy machinery required for

* *Report on Survey of Canada Pacific Railway.* By SANDFORD FLEMING, Engineer-in-Chief. 8vo. pp. 411, maps and profiles.

rock drilling and the like will have to be conveyed in sections over mountain tracks to the scene of operations. Timber suitable

“BENCHES” ON THE THOMPSON RIVER, B. C.



for bridge building and the like is also said to be difficult to obtain, much of it requiring to be brought 150 miles.

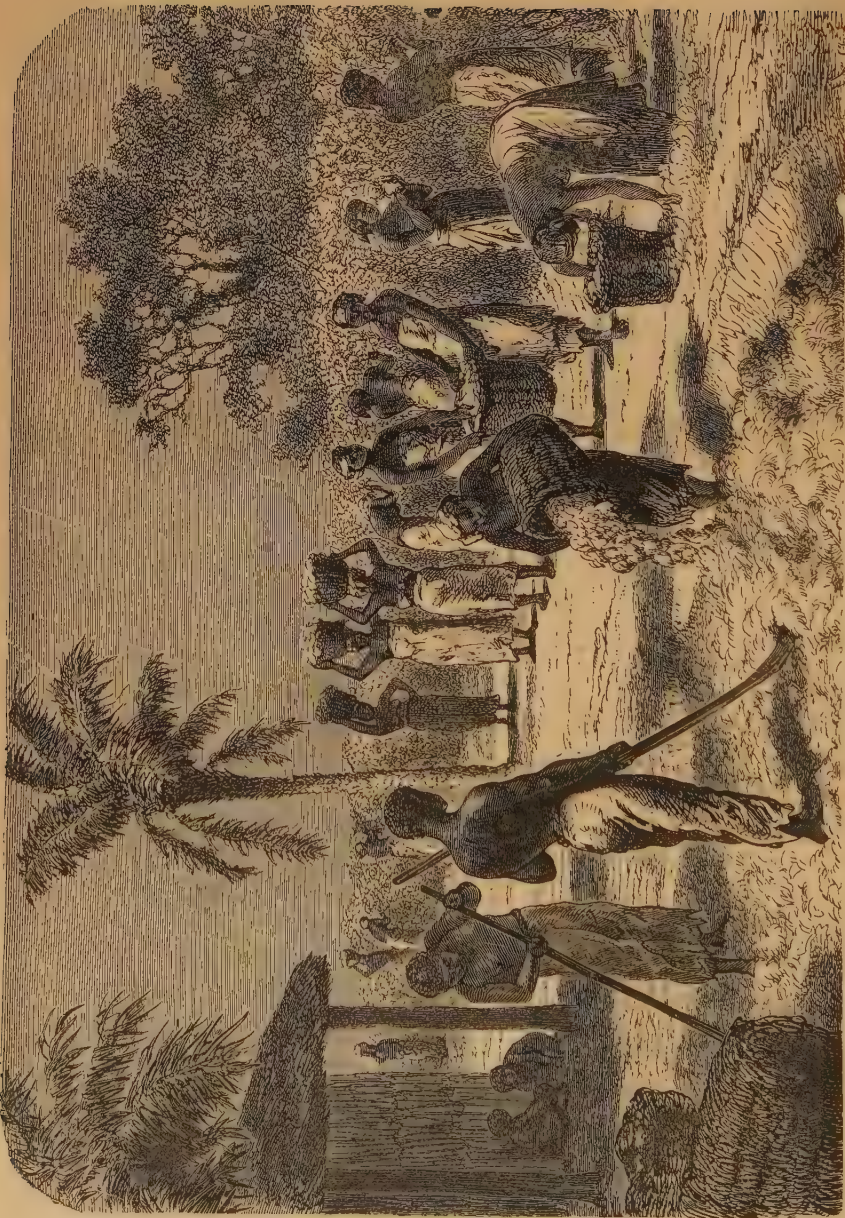
It is estimated that an army of four or five thousand men will be employed on this section alone, for four or five years. Much

of this labour will probably be imported from the older parts of Canada and from Great Britain and Ireland, the men giving bonds to repay the cost of their transport out of their wages. It seems likely that a considerable amount of Chinese labour will be employed in the ruder work; but much of the labour employed must be of a highly skilled character, in consequence of the large amount of stone cutting and bridge building.

Another difficulty is that the work can only be prosecuted with advantage during about seven or eight months of the year, the heavy snow-falls and storms of winter precluding work at that season. Moreover, the mountain freshets are often enormous, the river sometimes rising in the narrow canyons one hundred and twenty feet in height. It will be apparent that immense energy and skill will be demanded in the execution of this great work. It is also evident that its progress and completion will tend very greatly to develop the rich resources, mineral and agricultural, of the regions through which it passes, and to hasten their permanent settlement. Compared with the construction of this road, the hewing of Mount Athos, or the building of the pyramids, is as nothing. And *they* were mere freaks of despotic power, while this is a beneficent achievement which shall not only benefit them by whom it is done, but all mankind for all time.

With the filling up of those fertile valleys with a Canadian population, new duties and increased responsibilities shall devolve upon our Church. It must follow those multitudes to their new homes in the wilderness. It must send them the missionary, the Gospel, and the ordinances of religion. It must help to lay the foundations of the true civilization of the Far West—as the piers of the bridges of this great road are built on the everlasting rock—strong and firm and deep, on the abiding principles of righteousness, justice and truth.

It is not singing psalms, but being one,
Is music in God's ear. Not only lips,
But also lives must swell the hymn of praise,
Or vain the song. To be true worshippers
We must ourselves be temples.



COTTON HARVEST IN BRAZIL.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

THE Empire of Brazil occupies about one-half of the South American Continent. Its greatest breadth is 2,470 miles, and its greatest length 2,600. Next to Russia, it has the most extensive contiguous territory of any country on the globe. But, like Russia, it is thinly peopled, and its resources but partially developed. Its population is only about ten millions, and a vast portion of its surface is in a wilderness state. No country in the world has such a dense and luxuriant vegetation as that of the valley of the Amazon. It is the very paradise of naturalists, with its strange and gorgeous flowers and birds, and its extraordinary wealth of insect life. But its deadly malaria almost prohibits habitation, except by the acclimated Indian tribes.

The Amazon is the Queen of all the rivers on the globe, and from its vast estuary, a hundred and fifty miles wide, issues the drainage of half a continent. So great is the volume of water, that it preserves its freshness, it is said, at a distance of a hundred miles from land.

The forest wealth of Brazil is very remarkable. There are over 400 species of valuable woods, and Agassiz mentions having found 117 varieties in a space half a mile square. Many of these were as beautiful as rosewood or mahogany. There are also many valuable dye woods, nut trees, and medicinal plants.

The great staple of exportation from Brazil is coffee. In 1878 it amounted to a hundred million pounds. One-half of all the coffee used in the world is of Brazilian growth. The fragrant berry grows upon an elegantly-shaped tree, from eight to twenty feet in height. It is, however, usually pruned down to about six feet, to increase its productiveness. The plants are raised from seed in nurseries, and when a year old are transplanted and set in rows about ten feet apart. In three years they begin to bear, and continue fruitful for twenty years. They have a dark evergreen foliage, with blossoms white as flakes of snow. They bear two crops a year. The fruit, when ripe, is like a cherry in size and colour; the pulpy part around the berry being very sweet and palatable. Each berry has two seeds, enveloped

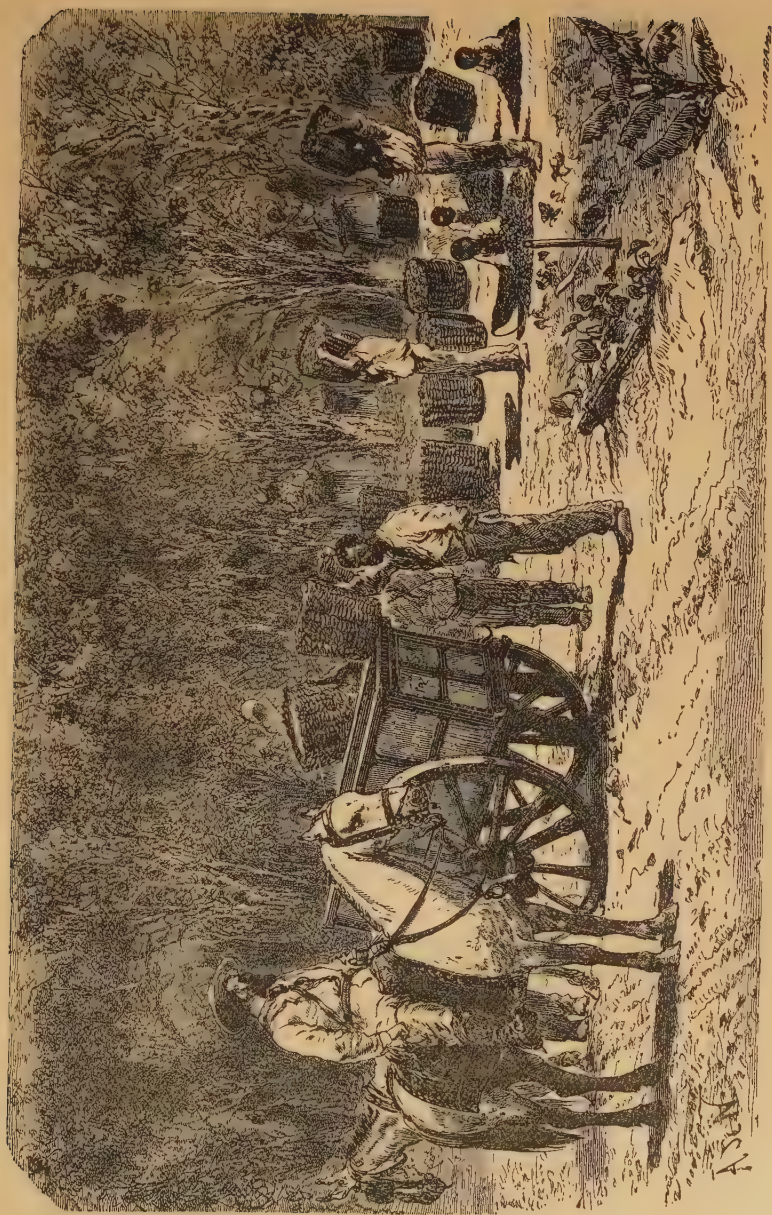
in a tough membrane. The fruit is picked by hand, spread upon the ground to ferment, or the pulp is washed off in running water. It is then dried, and the husk loosened by pounding, and winnowed away by tossing in the air or by machinery. It is then packed in bags and shipped to the great markets of the world. It is cultivated chiefly by slave labour; but the system of gradual emancipation, though it makes the lot of the slaves more arduous in the interim, will soon set the last bondman on the continent free.

The coffee berry is very exhaustive of the soil, and new ground has constantly to be broken up. For this purpose heavy ox-teams are employed, with much haw-geeing and shouting of the slave-drivers.

Another important industry of Brazil is cotton culture. During the commercial disorganization produced by the American civil war it received a great impetus. The economic and even political importance of cotton in the world's history is remarkable. In the palmy days when Cotton was King, it ruled with a stern despotism. It was the great bulwark of slavery, and the instrument of political corruption. The spoliation of the cotton-fields of the Carolinas and the Mississippi Valley, by the ravages of war, stopped the spindles of a hundred mills, and carried famine into ten thousand homes in distant Lancashire. It also created a new national industry in Egypt, in India, and especially in Brazil. The latter is now probably the second cotton-producing country in the world.

The cotton plant has several varieties. The most common is an annual growing from seed, to about the height of a currant bush. It is planted by hand in rows five feet apart, the plants in the rows being eighteen inches apart. It is one of the most beautiful growing crops in the world. The cotton-fields soon present the appearance of an immense flower-garden. The blossom resembles that of the hollyhock, and has the peculiarity of changing from straw colour to pure white and a clear pink. When the flowers fall off, the young "bolls" are formed. These are pods in which the seed is packed, imbedded in a tuft of fibrous down. When ripe, the pods open, and the cotton bursts out and gleams in snowy globes among the glossy dark green leaves.

The cotton is picked by gangs of men and women, good hands



COFFEE CULTURE IN BRAZIL.



gathering from 200 to 300 pounds a day. It is then taken to the gin-house to be separated from the seeds. This was long a tedious and difficult process, each tiny seed requiring to be removed by hand. This is now done at the rate of 3,000 pounds a day by the Whitney cotton-gin. This is a simple machine of cylinders, and brushes, and fans, which has cheapened cotton throughout the world, and enormously developed its production and use. The elastic fibre is now compressed by levers, screws, or a hydraulic press into the bales of commerce, weighing about 500 pounds each. In the mills of Lawrence and Lowell, of Manchester and Stockport, this fuzzy fibre is taken up by automatic and seemingly almost intelligent machinery, and carded, spun, twisted, and woven in fabrics of various grade and use. It forms the clothing, in part or wholly, of the greatest part of mankind—both civilized and savage; and is one of the great staples of commerce, alike in Liverpool and Lucknow, in Manchester and Mozambique, in Glasgow and in Guinea, in Toronto and in Timbuctoo.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY F. W. FABER.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*In the forthcoming Methodist Hymn-Book.*

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

VENICE.—MILAN.

She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers. . . .

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As at the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.

—*Childe Harold.*

THE great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band, sipping coffee at the cafes, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians with their snowy robes ; Turks with their fez and embroidered vests ; Albanians, Greeks, Armenians, English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance which I attribute largely to the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner.

A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the façade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy

pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "flying as doves to their windows," has been observed during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old doge, Dandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered forever to be maintained at the expense of the State.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this glorious pile:—"A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars; until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."*

* The Vandal-like proposal has recently been made to "restore" this matchless façade in modern workmanship. Such a vigorous protest, however, is raised against the scheme, that it will hardly be carried into execution.

Above the great portal ramp the Greek bronze horses brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis.

They strike the ground resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils breathe ethereal flame.

As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received the foot of the proud pontiff on his neck. In that same porch the doge, Dandolo, near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on, ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

In an after time, beside the Doge,
Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live
When the wave rolls o'er Venice—
The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel.

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen!" "Christ shall come!"—"Not in the wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults, that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.'" The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

I lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and

terrors of the Apocalypse ; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures ; and alabaster columns, according to tradition from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines ; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. I stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Alps. For six centuries and more it has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers ; triumphal fetes and funeral processions ; the madness of the masquerade and carnival ; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, where the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head ; and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread ; we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp and pride, and portraits of seventy-six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind. In the splendid library I saw a copy of the first printed edition of Homer, and rare old specimens of the famous Aldine classics.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, I entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed

the instruments of torture, the secret opening by which bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he told me, though I doubt the story, that Byron once spent forty-eight hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon the subject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that I might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt.

The ancient arsenal is an interesting relic of the golden prime of Venice. It once employed 16,000 men, and Dante compares the Stygian smoke of the Inferno to that from its seething caldrons of tar. In its magazine are the remains of the Bucentaur, the golden galley with three hundred rowers, from which the doge used annually to wed the Adriatic by throwing into it a ring.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood.

The swords of the Foscari, the armour of the doges, the iron helmet of Attila and other relics of the sort, are also shown. At the gate is seen an antique lion from the plain of Marathon.

Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges and the monuments of Titian and Canova. One epitaph states "The terror of the Greeks lies here." I visited also the great hospital of St. Mark, with six hundred patients well cared for in the magnificent apartments of a mediæval palace.

The people whom I saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calico dress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in the hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. On the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huxter shops, I bought, as a souvenir, a black-faced Byzantine image of the Virgin. I had previously bought at Naples, for the modest sum of a penny, a couple of scapulars—a much-prized

charm against sickness and danger. I visited two of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owners were summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

Two of the most interesting industries of Venice are the mosaic factory on the Grand Canal, and the glass works on the Island of Murano. The mosaic is made of glass cubes, of which, I was told, 10,000 different shades were employed to imitate the colours of the paintings to be copied. The result, however, was less beautiful than at the stone mosaic factory, which I visited at Florence. The Venetian glass work is of wonderful delicacy and beauty; and the flowers, portraits and other designs, which are spun by the yard and which appear in the surface of the cross section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill.

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water boat, from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a stick upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

Gliding along a lateral canal in my gondola one day, I saw on a wall the words "Methodist Chapel." I soon after found it out. It was a private house in a very narrow street. I introduced myself, and was very warmly greeted by the worthy pastor, the Rev. Henry Borelly, and his wife. They were both Italian, but spoke French fluently. They represent the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. They showed me the chapel, a very comfortable room which would hold two hundred persons; but they spoke of the great discouragements and difficulties under which they laboured, and asked for the prayers of the Methodists of Canada on their behalf. After a very agreeable interview, Mr. Borelly courteously accompanied me back to my hotel, and gave me at parting a warm God-speed and "*bon voyage*."

I may mention, as an illustration of the readiness of Romanism to adopt Protestant methods, that I found in one church a large

Sunday-school of bright, black-eyed, handsome children, taught chiefly by ladies. I asked permission of the priest who seemed to have charge, to see the text-book, and found it a catechism of Romish dogma.

Venice is but the shadow of its former greatness, but scarce any spot in Italy exercises such a potent fascination over mind and heart.

From Venice to Milan is a railway ride of one hundred and seventy-five miles. The principal town on the route is Verona, a decayed and poverty-stricken place, with a population of 60,000. Its chief sights are its vast amphitheatre, which could hold 100,000 persons; the tombs of the Scaligers, the house of the Capulets, and the tomb of Shakespeare's Juliet. Proceeding from Verona, we have a good survey of the Lago de Garda, on whose banks was fought the fierce battle of Solferino, 1859.

Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the most ancient and interesting towns in Italy, dating from the sixth century B.C. Since the fourth century A.D. it has surpassed, both in extent and importance, Rome itself. It became an imperial residence, and the Church of Milan was long the rival of that of Rome. It has now 300,000 inhabitants, and is the most progressive city of the peninsula, the representative of New Italy, with its energy, its aspirations, its civil and religious liberty.

Of course, the great attraction of Milan is the celebrated cathedral, and to it I first of all made my way. There it stood in the great square, with its hundred glistening pinnacles and two thousand marble statues, like some exquisite creation of frostwork, which one might almost expect to see melt and disappear. The Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world. Next to St. Peter's at Rome and the Cathedral of Seville, it is the largest church in Europe.

As I entered the vast and shadowy interior, the transition from the hot glare of the stone-paved piazza without to the cool and "dim religious light" cast by the "storied windows richly dight" was most refreshing. At first one can but dimly see the sweeping lines of the arches meeting one hundred and fifty feet above his head, and the cave-like vault of the chancel, with its sapphire and ruby-coloured traceried windows. High above the altar hung in air a life-sized image of our Lord upon a golden cross. Full upon the face of Christ fell a beam of light from the great rose

window in the western facade, bringing it into brilliant contrast with the dark background. Rembrandt never executed anything more strikingly beautiful—nay, so sublime—as that glorified face of the Divine Sufferer, irradiating the darkness and scattering the gloom. It was a symbol and a prophecy, I thought, of the time when the glorious manifestation of our Lord, undimmed by the clouds of papal ignorance and superstition, should scatter the darkness and shine forth in all His true Divinity. It was the most impressive interior I saw in Europe; and when the chanting of the choir and music of the organ sounded through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, the effect was indescribably grand.

Under the altar is the shrine and tomb of the good bishop St. Charles Borromeo; and for the sum of five francs those who are curious in such matters may see his mummy-like remains, blazing with jewellery, in ghastly mockery of death. Of noble rank and immense wealth, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his diocese; and when the secular magistrates fled from the presence of the plague, he fell a martyr to his zeal in ministering to the dying and burying the dead. He is regarded as the first founder of Sunday-schools. His tomb is visited as a sacred shrine, and his monument in hollow bronze, seventy feet high, crowns a neighbouring height.

From the roof of the cathedral is obtained the finest view of the whole range of the Alps to be anywhere had, their sharp serrated outline clearly cut against the sky. The roof is studded with a perfect grove of pinnacles, flying buttresses and statues, all beautifully finished, notwithstanding their inaccessible positions, "for the gods see everywhere." The solid marble is fretted into a lace-like tracery or filagree in stone. This part, the guides call "the flower garden," and it truly seems as if the marble had blossomed into beauty at the artist's touch.

The most interesting church in Milan, on account of its historic associations, is that of San Ambrogio, founded on the site of a temple of Bacchus by St. Ambrose in the fourth century. The old Lombard architecture is very quaint and sometimes very rude, especially the ancient stone pulpit and the episcopal throne. The mosaics, dating from the ninth century, have a very stiff and infantile expression, like the inartistic drawing of a child. In the nave on a column is a brazen serpent, averred to be that

raised by Moses in the wilderness, although I was of the opinion that that had been broken to pieces by King Hezekiah (II. Kings, xviii. 4). The rude bronze doors of the church are, more plausibly, said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius on account of the cruel massacre of Thessalonica. The Emperor remonstrated that even David had been guilty of bloodshed. "You have imitated him in his crime," replied the undaunted Ambrose, "imitate him also in his repentance;" and for eight months the lord of the world did penance on this very spot. Through this portal also passed Augustine, to be baptized by St. Ambrose in the presence of his mother, Monica.

It was a great festa the day I was there. The church was full, and a crowd of ecclesiastics took part in the service, chanting the same Ambrosian hymns which for fifteen centuries have been sung upon this spot. Few things which I saw so linked the past with the present as did this.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Sta. Maria della Grazia, now a cavalry barrack, I saw the original "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, so familiar by copies in almost every house. It is painted in oils upon the wall, and is much injured by time. Yet it is full of sublime expression. There is a beauty, a grandeur, a majesty enthroned in the face of our Lord, that is reproduced in none of the copies, although not less than a score of these, of rare excellence, were in the room. It is one of the grandest paintings I have seen. In a neighbouring square is a noble statue of Da Vinci, and near it a magnificent gallery, or sort of crystal palace, lined on either side with elegant shops, and crowned at the intersection of its arms by a glass dome one hundred and eighty feet high. Structures of this kind are very common in Europe, but this is the finest of them all.

I visited also the celebrated Ospedale Maggiore, one of the largest hospitals in existence, having accommodation, I was told, for 2,400 patients. Its façade, like that of several other Milanese buildings, was entirely covered with bright red terra-cotta mouldings, tracery, etc., and adorned with a great number of busts. A large arena for races and the like, constructed by Napoleon I., in imitation of the ancient amphitheatres, will afford seats for 30,000 persons. It is a curious illustration of the Cæsarism of the modern Colossus, who would bestride the world in imitation of the ancient despots of mankind.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER I.—THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

ON a blithe spring morning in the year 1760, a remarkable group of persons were assembled on the Custom-House Quay, in the ancient city of Limerick, Ireland. An air of hurry and excitement was apparent in some of its members, which contrasted with the singular calmness of the others. Bales, boxes, bedding, and household gear were piled up on the quay, or were being rapidly conveyed, with much shouting, by stout-armed sailors, dressed in blue-striped guernsey-shirts, on board a small vessel of about three hundred tons that lay alongside the pier, with sails partially unbent, like a sea-fowl preening her wings for flight. This was evidently a group of emigrants about to leave their mother country for a land beyond the sea. Yet they were emigrants of a superior sort, all decently clad—the men in knee-breeches, comfortable hose, and frieze coats; and the women in blue cloaks, with hoods, and snowy caps. It was not poverty from which they fled; for their appearance was one of staid respectability, equally removed from wealth and abjectness. Very affectionate and demonstrative were the warm-hearted leave-takings of the friends and neighbours about to be separated, many of them never to meet on earth again.

"Ah! Mr. Philip, shall we niver hear ye praich again?" pathetically cried one kind-hearted Irish widow; "who'll taich us the good way when ye're beyant the salt say?"

"You forget, Mother Mehan, that Mr. Wesley will send one of his helpers to Balligarrene, and come himself sometimes."

"Oh! Mollie, darlint, shall we niver see yer purty face again? Shure it's as beautiful as the face of the Vargin herself," went on the inconsolable creature, addressing a very young woman, who looked the lovelier for her tears. "The very sight o' ye was better than the praist's blessin'! But I'll not forget the good words ye've tould me; and Mr. Philip, and swate Barbara Heck and her good man, Paul. The Lord love ye and kape ye all; and all the

saints protect ye." The good woman had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had not shaken off her old manner of speech, although she had for some time been won by the singing and simple, heartfelt prayers of her Palatine neighbours to the warm-hearted Methodist worship.

The voyagers at length, one by one, climbed the gangway to the vessel's deck, amid much wringing of hands and parting words, not unmingled with tears and sorrowful faces. The apparent leader of the party, a young man of singularly grave demeanour for his years, dressed in dark frieze coat, not unlike the sort now called "Ulsters," approaching the taffrail of the vessel, and taking from his breast-pocket a well-worn Bible, read to those around and to those upon the quay that sublime passage in the Hundred and Seventh Psalm, beginning with these words :

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

As he continued to read, his voice gathered strength and volume till it rang out loud and clear, and with an exulting tone in the closing words :

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"Yes, my brethren," continued the speaker, "God opened a way through the sea for our fathers from the presence of their enemies, and led them into this fair and goodly land. But now it has become too strait for us, and we go to seek new homes in the land of promise in the West. We go forth with God as our Protector and our Guide. He is as near by water as by land. Many of our brethren have gone before us to that land, and many of you, we trust, will follow after. But on whichever side of the sea we dwell, we dwell beneath His care ; and for the rest,—the way to heaven is as near from the wilds of America as from the shores of dear old Ireland."

"Thru' for ye ;" "It's even so, so it is," ejaculated several of his auditors, while others answered mutely with their tears.

"What mean ye to weep and break our hearts ?" said the first speaker, thinking of another parting on the seashore.* "Is that all the God-speed ye have for us ? Come, let us sing a verse to cheer up our souls a bit ;" and, with a mellow, resonant voice, he be-

* Acts xxi. 5-14.

gan to sing a hymn, which one after another took up till it swelled into an exultant pæan of triumph :—

“ And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

“ Oh let our heart and mind
Continue to ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end ;

“ Where all our toils are o’er,
Our suffering and our pain :—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.”

“ And now let us commend one another to God and the word of His grace,” continued the youthful speaker ; and, kneeling down upon the deck, in a fervent prayer he invoked God’s blessing and protection on those who should brave the perils of the deep and on those who remained on the shore.

“ Now, Mr. Embury,” said the boatswain touching his cap, when this unusual service was over, “ we must haul in the hawsers. ‘ Time and tide wait for no man.’ See, the current is already turning. We must fall down the river with this tide. Shake out your topsails, there,” he shouted to the men in the shrouds ; and to those on the shore, “ Throw off the moorings ; let go the stern line.” And gently the vessel began to glide upon her way.

Farewell words and loving greetings are spoken from the ship and from the shore. Wistful eyes look through their gathering tears. Many a fervent “ God bless you,” “ God keep you,” is uttered. As the last adieux are waved, and as the vessel onward glides, are heard, borne fitfully upon the breeze, the strain,

“ Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.”

The sailing of that little vessel was an apparently insignificant event, and, save the friends of those on board, little would the great world have recked had it foundered in the deep. But that frail bark was a new *Mayflower*, freighted with the germs of an immortal harvest which was destined to fill the whole land, the

fruit whereof should shake like Lebanon. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youth and hope and love, bore with them the immortal leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life a whole continent.

Of the leader of this little company we have already spoken. By the side of Philip Embury stood his youthful wife, Mary Embury, a blooming young matron of remarkable personal beauty, not yet eighteen, and already two years married. As the vessel glided down the winding Shannon, her eyes looked wistfully through her tears upon the emerald banks and purple uplands she should never see again.

"Do you repent leaving the dear old home?" asked her husband, as he threw his arm caressingly around her.

"Wherever you are, Philip, there is home," she said, nestling in his arms and smiling through her tears, like the sun shining through a shower of summer rain. "Wherever thou goest I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Near by stood Paul Heck, a man of grave appearance and devout manner, and by his side his wife Barbara Heck, a blushing bride of a few weeks, although nearly ten years older than her bosom friend Mary Embury. Around them were grouped others whose names were destined to become familiar to future generations as among the pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. Among these were two brothers of Philip Embury, with their families; Peter Sweitzer, Embury's brother-in-law; the Morgans, Dulmages, and others.

How came this group of Teutonic emigrants to be leaving the shores of Old Ireland for the New World? The answer to this question will carry us far back in the history of Europe, and we will therefore take the liberty of quoting from our previous work "The Worthies of Early Methodism:"*—

"In the providence of God, times and places most remote from one another are often indissolubly linked together by chains of sequences—by relations of cause and effect. The vast organization of Methodism throughout this entire continent, in this nineteenth century, has a definite relation to the vaulting ambition and persecuting bigotry of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century. That dissolute monarch, not sated with the atrocity and

* Withrow's "Worthies of Methodism," pp 107-113.

bloodshed caused by his infamous revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, whereby half a million of the best subjects of France became exiles forever, and multitudes more became the victims of foulest outrage and wrong, twice ruthlessly invaded the German Palatinate. In a few weeks the consummate tactician Turenne overran the country, and gave to the flames and sack and pillage thirty thriving towns.

“Unable to maintain his conquests against the resolute Protestant inhabitants and their allies, the Grand Monarque, the most polished gentleman in Europe, deliberately gave orders from his palace of Versailles for the utter devastation of the country. The inhuman orders were obeyed with atrocious fidelity. Eighty thousand men, trained in the art of slaughter, were let loose upon the hapless country, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Heidelberg, Manheim, Spire, Worms, Oppenheim, Bingen, and Baden, towns and cities of historic fame, with their venerable cathedrals, their stately palaces, and their homes of industry, together with many a humble hamlet and solitary farmstead, were given to the flames. At the old imperial city of Spire the French soldiers stole the ornaments off the coffins, and mockingly scattered to the winds the dust of the German Emperors.

“‘Crops, farms, vines, orchards, fruit trees,’ says a voracious chronicler, ‘were all destroyed; and this once rich and smiling land was converted into a desolate wilderness.’ In the bleak and bitter winter weather a hundred thousand houseless peasants—grey-haired sires, and childing mothers, and helpless children—wandered about in abject misery ‘imprecating,’ says the chronicler, ‘the vengeance of Heaven upon the heartless tyrant who had caused their ruin.’ Everywhere were found the corpses of men frozen to death.

“Thousands of the wretched fugitives took refuge within the lines of the English General, Marlborough, and sought the shelter of that flag whose protection is never denied to the oppressed. Ships were sent to bring them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand came to London, reduced from affluence to poverty, and were fed by the dole of public charity. They were encamped on Blackheath and Camberwell Common, and their wants were supplied by Protestant benevolence and by Government Commissioners.

“A number—and with these we are at present more particularly

interested—immigrated, under the auspices of the British Government, to Ireland, and settled in the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale. They received grants of eight acres of land for each person, young and old, for which the Government paid the rent for twenty years. In a contemporary list of these 'Irish Palatines' occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, 'better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, besides which they have a stable, cow-house, and neat kitchen garden. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefitted the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own farms.'

"In the good Protestant soil of those hearts providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant 'helpers' penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England.

"In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. Her family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood fair in person, and adorned especially with those spiritual graces which constitute the truest beauty of female character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

"'From the beginning of her Christian life,' records her biographer, 'her piety was of the purest and profoundest character. The Wesleyan doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit was the inward personal test of piety among the Methodists of that day; and it was the daily criterion of the spiritual life of Barbara Heck; and when, in extreme age, she was about to close her life-pilgrimage, in the remote wilds of Canada, after assisting in the foundation of her Church in that province, as well as in the

United States, she could say that she had never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God, for twenty-four hours together, from the day of her conversion. She was of a thoughtful and serious habit of mind, calm, self-collected, and quietly resolute. She had, through her entire Christian life, intervals of sadness and of severe mental conflict; and there are traditions among her descendants which show that these trials were not unlike those of the great Reformer when enduring the 'hour and power of darkness' in the castle of Wartburg. Her German Bible, her familiar companion to the end of her days, was her consolation in these ordeals, and prayer her habitual resource; it was her rule always to persist in the latter till she prevailed.' "

As the sun went down beneath the western wave, the little company of emigrants on shipboard gathered on the deck to take their last look at the dear old land which had been to most of them the land of their birth. The lofty summit of Brandon Hill lay golden in the light of the setting sun, then turned to ashen gray, which deepened in the shades of twilight to a rich purple hue, and then sank beneath the waves. Not many words were spoken, but not a few tears trickled silently down the cheeks of the women, whose separation from their native land wrung their very heartstrings. The rising wind whistled through the shrouds. The long roll of the Atlantic rocked the frail bark like a cradle in the deep, and made retirement to the crowded little cabin agreeable to most of the party.

By the light of the swaying lamp, Philip Embury—who, though almost the youngest man of the company, was its acknowledged leader and head—read words of comfort from the Book Divine. As the waves smote with an ominous sound upon the wooden walls which seemed such a frail defence between them and the unfathomable sea, they enbraved their hearts by singing the grand old hymn, to which their present position gave a new depth of meaning—

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
And carry us above."

Embury then called on the grave, God-fearing Paul Heck to lead the devotions of the little band, and with deep emotion he commended them all to the Fatherly keeping of that God who guides the winds in their course and holds the seas in the hollow of His hand.

Many weary weeks of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, passed by, the dreary monotony of sea and sky rimmed by the unbroken horizon, without sight of sail or shore. At last was heard the joyous cry of "Land! Land ahead!" Daily prayer and praise had made the little ship a floating Bethel, and now glad thanksgiving ascended from every heart. Eager eyes scanned the horizon, rising higher and becoming more clearly defined.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Mary Embury, as, wan and weak with long sea-sickness, she leaned upon the vessel's rail at her husband's side, as the wooded heights of Staten Island came in view. And as the splendid bay of New York, with its crowded shipping, opened out, she exclaimed, with child-like surprise, "Why, I believe it's as large as Limerick! Who would have thought it in this New World!"

Still greater was the surprise of the whole party when, on the 10th of August, 1760, a day memorable in the religious history of this continent, they landed in New York and beheld the crowded and busy streets of a city which, even then, was more populous than any in Ireland, not excepting the ancient capital, Dublin; than which they were slow to believe there was anything finer upon earth.

A feeling of loneliness, however, came over their hearts as they left the floating house in which they had been domiciled for twelve long weeks, to seek new homes in the land of strangers. But soon they discovered some of their countrymen, and even a few former acquaintances who had previously emigrated, and to whom they felt themselves knit by closer ties because all others were such utter strangers. Philip Embury soon obtained employment at his trade as a house carpenter and joiner, in which he possessed more than ordinary skill; and the others of the honest and industrious Palatine community were shortly engaged in some one or other of the manifold occupations of the busy and thriving town.

Embury for a time endeavoured to be faithful to his duty as class leader and local preacher, by attempting some religious care for his Methodist companions in exile from their native land.

But we are told that they fell away from their steadfastness amid the temptations of their new condition, possibly saying, like the exiled Jews of old, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury in turn became discouraged, lost his religious zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, for some years ceased to exercise among them the duties of his office. Barbara Heck, the destined Mother of Methodism in the New World, continued meanwhile to nourish her religious life by daily communion with God and with her old German Bible.

CHAPTER II.—THE SEED BEARS FRUIT.

FIVE busy years have passed away since the arrival of our Irish Palatines in the New World. The home longings for the land of their birth have been in large part succeeded by feelings of patriotic pride in the prosperity and rapid progress of the land of their adoption. Their religious prosperity, however, had not kept pace with that of their outward estate; and they had in large degree become conformed to the worldliness of the society in which they lived.

Now, however, the seeds of grace, long dormant, were to germinate and bring forth the first fruits of the glorious harvest which was yet to fill the land. This happy result was brought about in this wise: Another company of Palatine emigrants, in the autumn of 1765, arrived at New York. Among them were Paul Ruckle, brother of Barbara Heck, Jacob Heck, her brother-in-law, and other old neighbours and friends. A few only of these were Methodists, the others were characterized by the worldliness of life and conduct which marked the period. The renewal of old friendships led to much social visiting, not unmingled with hilarious and not always innocent amusement. One of the characteristics of the times was a passion for card-playing—a device of the devil for killing time in an age when books and intellectual occupations were few, but which has still less excuse amid the affluence of these occupations at the present day.

In this amusement, varied by talk of *auld lang syne* in the land beyond the sea, a social group was one evening indulging in the house of one of their number—although there is no evidence that any of them were Methodists or connected with Embury. Casually, or let us say rather, providentially, Mrs.

Barbara Heck called at the house, which was that of an acquaintance, to exchange greetings with her old friends. She had faithfully maintained through all these years a close and constant walk with God, and her conscience was therefore sensitive to the least approach or appearance of evil. Seeing before her what she regarded as a snare of the devil for the ruin of souls, and inspired with a holy boldness, she snatched the cards from the table and flung them into the open fire-place, exclaiming :

“What, friends ! will ye tamper with Satan’s tools, and fear ye not to be sore hurt thereby ? Touch them no more, I beseech you, and pray God to forgive you your sin and folly.”

“Amen !” said one of the number, conscience-stricken at this reproof. “I repent that ever I touched them. I will pay back every penny I ever won ; for it is not mine, nor honestly earned. God helping me, I will never touch the gaudy and seductive paste-boards again.”

“Shure, where’s the harm of a quiet game among old friends ?” said another, rather indignant at the unceremonious interruption of the game. “I never play for high stakes ; and if I win sometimes, why, sometimes I lose ; and that makes it all even.”

“Can ye ask God’s blessing on the game ?” demanded the earnest-souled Barbara. “Can ye shuffle these paltry toys to His glory and for your soul’s weal ?” and she pointed with the majestic air of an ancient prophetess to the crisped and burning cards lying writhing in the flames. “If so, play on. But well I wot, your own hearts will say nay.”

“Barbara is right,” said her brother, Thomas Ruckle ; “I never knew her to be wrong. God is speaking to us through her. Let us listen to His voice. Let us take heed to our ways.”

The little company dispersed, seemingly saddened and sobered by the fearless reproof of an honest and God-fearing woman, faithful to her convictions of duty and her intuitions of right. No more cards were played in that house, and deep religious convictions settled upon not a few minds of the company.

Nor did the results end here. Under a Divine impulse, Barbara Heck went straightway to the house of her cousin Philip Embury, and appealed to him no longer to neglect his duty, but to exhort and warn and reprove the members of that Palatine community, of which God by His providence had made him the leader and religious adviser. With a keen sense of the

spiritual danger of the little flock, she entreated him with tears, and exclaimed :

“ Philip Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand.”

“ I cannot preach ; I have neither house nor congregation,” he replied, not without a feeling that, like Jonah, he was flying from the call of God.

“ That shall not long be your excuse,” interrupted this intrepid woman ; “ I will find the congregation and you shall find the house. Why, this very room in which we stand will do to begin in ; and when it becomes too strait, the Lord will provide another.”

With glowing zeal this new Deborah arose and went forth to begin the great work of organizing the first Methodist service in the New World. That day was kindled a fire which has wrapped a continent in its holy flame, and which, by God’s grace, shall never be put out while the world shall stand. At the appointed time of service a little congregation of four persons was assembled in the humble parlour of Philip Embury, to whom, with penitent confessions of his own shortcomings and neglect of duty, and amid tears of contrition and a fresh dedication to God, he broke the bread of life.

“ That little group,” writes Dr. Stevens, “ prefigured the future mission of Methodism in its widespread assemblies throughout the New World, as preaching the gospel to the poor. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free ; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman, which, as we have seen, Wesley organized, and to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list ; with her was her husband, Paul Heck ; beside him sat John Lawrence, his ‘ hired man ;’ and by her side an African servant called ‘ Betty.’ Such, let it ever be remembered, was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism which now stud the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf almost to the perpetual snows of the north ; they could hardly have had a more fitting prototype.”

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class,

which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, 'the common people heard him gladly.' He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived.

When the sermon was ended he made his way through the little congregation, who stood somewhat in awe of his official dignity, to the preacher's desk. He warmly clasped Embury by the hand and said:—

"Sir, I salute you in the name of the Lord. My name is Captain Thomas Webb, of His Majesty's service; not only a soldier of the King, God bless him, but also a soldier of the Cross and a spiritual son of John Wesley."

Warmly was the new comer welcomed as "a brother beloved," and he was courteously invited to address the congregation. Without any hesitation he complied, and in the easy manner of a polished English gentleman he briefly, in Methodist phrase, related his religious experience.

He had been a faithful soldier of King George, and bore in his person the marks of his devotion to his service. He wore over one of his eyes a dark shade, looking like a badge of mourning for the loss of the sight of that injured orb. He had rushed through the surf against a murderous fire at the siege of Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, where he lost his right eye. He had been among the first to climb the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, and had been severely wounded in fighting under Wolfe, in that memorable battle which closed the long conflict between English Protestantism and French Catholicism for the possession of the broad continent. Eight years later he heard John Wesley preach

in Bristol, and forthwith recognized him as the spiritual leader under whose captaincy he was henceforth to wage a nobler warfare than that of arms. He considered that his life had been providentially spared in the day of battle to be fully consecrated to the service of his Divine Master. He used often, in conversation with his friends, to narrate with devout gratitude his deliverance in the hour of peril.

"As I was leading with my company," he used to say, "I suddenly felt a sharp pang, followed by a flash of light, and then all was dark. I was borne to the rear, and carried with the rest of the wounded to the boats and rowed to the British camp. I was almost gone, and had just consciousness enough to hear the soldiers say, 'He needs no help. He's dead enough.' I mustered strength to say 'No, I'm not dead yet,' when I fainted away, and all became black again. The surgeons say that if the ball had struck a hair's breadth higher or lower I would have been a dead man. But God in mercy spared me. I was not then fit to die. And now I sorrow not at the loss of bodily sight, since He has opened the eyes of my mind to see wondrous things out of His law."

THE NIGHT COMETH.

BY ROBT. EVANS.

A LITTLE while we wear our sun-stained vest,
Flushed with the labour both of morn and eve.
The furrowed field on earth, we may not leave
Till the dark shadows lengthen toward the east,
And in the twilight touch the mountain's crest.
Through storm and calm, our patient way we cleave ;
Nor cease to labour till we cease to live—
We shall have all eternity to rest.
Oh let us work while it is called to-day :
The night is coming when no man can work,—
Heaven's golden chime rings in the shadows gray
And in a little while it will be dark.
There's no device within the deep, dark grave,—
All, all is silent where the willows wave.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRER, D.D., F.R.S.

A HULSEAN LECTURE BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

I.

When that one word* was uttered on the Cross which told that the great work was done,—nay, even when the Twelve had seen the risen Christ,—nothing could have appeared more deplorable than the weakness of the new religion. It numbered but a handful of timid followers, of whom the boldest had denied his Lord with blasphemy, and the most devoted had forsaken Him and fled. They were poor, they were ignorant, they were helpless. They could not claim a single synagogue, or a single sword. If they spoke their own language, it bewrayed them by its mongrel dialect; if they spoke the current Greek, it was despised as a miserable *patois*. And of their two doctrines—the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—the one inspired indignant horror, the other unbounded scorn. But when they were weak, then were they strong. They had been consecrated for their mighty work by no earthly chrism; they had been baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire; each faithless heart had been dilated with celestial courage; each lowly forehead mitred with Pentecostal flame!

Well might they have shuddered at that conspiracy of hatred with which they were confronted. So feeble were they and insignificant, that it would have looked like foolish partiality to prophesy for them the limited existence of a Galilæan sect. Had any one seen Paul the aged as, in all the squalor of poverty and all the emaciation of disease, he sat chained to some coarse soldier in the prætorium at Rome; or that Galilæan fisherman, who, under the

shadow of the great Temple of Artemis, ministered to a handful of poor converts in the splendid capital of Asia,—would it not have seemed the very fanaticism of credulity to prophesy that their names should be honoured for ever by the inhabitants of cities more magnificent than Ephesus, and empires more vast than Rome? St. Paul died; they dragged, it may be, his corpse from the arena, and—sprinkling the white dust over the stains of his feeble blood—looked for a more interesting victim than the aged and nameless Jew; St. John died we know not where or how, and no memorial marks his forgotten tomb; yet, to this day, over the greatest of modern cities towers the vast dome of the cathedral dedicated to the name of Paul; and the shapeless mounds which once were Ephesus bear witness, in their name of Agiotzeologo,* to no other fact than that they once were trodden by the weary feet of him who saw the Apocalypse, and whose young head had rested on the bosom of his Lord!

Consider how colossal were the powers arrayed against this nascent faith,—how vast the forest-trees which overshadowed with their dense umbrage, and well-nigh crushed under their deciduous leaves, this smallest of all seeds. First, Judaism both within and without the fold. Judaism *within*,—half suggesting to the minds of more than one Apostle that, unless they conformed to its outward observances, they were little better than a schismatic sect; Judaism *without*, with its fifteen hundred years of gorgeous worship and holy

* "It is finished." John xix. 30.

* *Hagios theologos.*

faith. The Jewish Rabbi—such a one as he into whose mouth Celsus has placed some of his bitterest rebukes—might, with plausibility, taunt them as traitorous apostates, as he recalled to some young proselyte that long and splendid history, rolling back from the heroic Asmonæan struggles to the magnificence of Solomon,—nay, backward to the day when, with uplifted spear, Joshua had bidden the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and Abraham, obeying the mysterious summons, had abandoned the gods of his fathers in Ur of the Chaldees. The rod of Moses, the harp of David, the ephod of Samuel, the mantle of Elijah, the graven gems on Aaron's breast,—all these were theirs; theirs, too, the granite tablets of Sinai, theirs the living oracles of God; and who were these children of yesterday, these miserable Galilæans with their crucified Nazarene, in whom none of the rulers or the Pharisees had believed? Were they not beneath contempt? a people that “knew not the law,” and were accursed? It needed no mean force of character, no ordinary intensity of conviction,—it needed, let us say, the divine vision of a Peter, and the inspired eloquence of a Paul, to burst the intolerable yoke of these long-venerated observances, and to plant the standard of Christian freedom upon the ruins of Levitical form. And Jews as they were by birth, Jews as they were in great measure by religion, keeping as they did the Jewish Sabbath, worshipping in the Jewish Temple, venerating the Jewish books, the struggle against Jewish detestation might have been far longer and more terrible but for a Divine interposition. Forty years after the imprecation of priests and people, the blood of the King whom they had crucified fell like a rain of fire from heaven upon them and on their children. The storm of Roman invasion consumed Jerusalem to ashes and shook the whole fabric of Judaism into the dust. The race became despised and persecuted, wanderers with the brand of God upon their brow. The frantic hatred of a false

Messiah at length taught the Pagan world that Christians were something more than a Jewish sect; but when Bether had been taken, and Akiba slain in prison, and Barkokeba had fallen before the sword of Julius Severus, the material power of the Jews, and therewith the main hopes of the Semitic race, were broken for ever; and, without an effort of its own, the first great obstacle to the spread of Christianity had been irrevocably swept away.

II. Harder, deadlier, more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued; fierce, because—meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were—they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xystus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical *insouciance* did what they detested, and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of Virtue by the despair and agony of Vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who refused to witness the games of the amphitheatre, who would die rather than fling into the altar-flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten, like a spreading cancer, into the very heart of the nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers whose pride they irritated, the priests whose gains they diminished, the mob whose indulgences they thwarted, the Emperors whose policy they disturbed. Yet, unaided by any,

opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the Academy, and without knowledge the encyclopædic ambition of the Porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicæa, stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers, with the despairing words, "Vicisti Galilæe!" "Oh Galilæan, thou hast conquered!"

In its terror and hatred, Paganism essayed a *triple* resistance. First, it tried the experiment of an eclectic revival. For the old humanistic worship, with its frank and sunny anthropomorphism, it substituted a naturalistic cult, which, for an age of decaying faith, had a horrible fascination. From Egypt it imported the imposing mysteries of Isis; from Persia the worship of Mithras, with its painful initiations and ritual splendour; from Phrygia the orgiastic rites of Cybele with their brutal mutilations and nameless infamies. And this Neopaganism, welded out of archaic superstitions, inspired the most frenzied enthusiasm by appealing to the most degraded tastes. But the revival, with all its paraphernalia of mathematicians and jugglers, lustrations and oracles, weird exorcisms and ghastly taurobolia, was all in vain; it never succeeded in galvanising into even the semblance of life the corrupting corpse of the old religion. Great Pan was dead.

Then, secondly, they tried the experiment of argument. Lucian, in his *Peregrinus*, which is a travesty of martyrdom, and his *Philopseudes*, which is a parody on miracles, confronted them with his degrading laughter and Epicurean sneer. Philostratus in his life of Apollonius,

Jamblichus in his life of Pythagoras, tried to emulate their gospels with the false miracles of a late sophist and an antique philosopher. Porphyry and Hierocles met them with haughty mysticism and intellectual theosophy. Celsus opened upon them the battering violence of his impassioned rhetoric. But on this field, too, Christianity matched them. It repelled argument with argument; it repaid scorn with scorn. Sarcasm and invective were indeed unchristian implements, which the Apologists had better have disdained to wield: yet the *Raillery of Philosophers* by Hermias was full of delicate irony, and even Pagan hatred never surpassed the pitiless denunciations of Tatian, the concentrated anger of Arnobius, the deep gloom and scorching glare of the intense Tertullian. But far better and nobler than these were the lofty Apologies of the Alexandrian Fathers, who by their breadth and profundity wrought for the Church an imperishable service. It was well indeed that a Celsus and a Porphyry could be matched with such noble specimens of spiritual intuition and exhaustive learning as the *Protreptikon* of a Clemens, and the eight books of an Origen. Models for the best and most Christian school of controversy, they refute indeed the calumnies of their opponents; but, better than this, for each refuted error they offer a beautiful and convincing truth; and, recognizing the divine spark which glimmered even in the white embers of heathen wisdom, summon their adversaries to drink with them of the living fountain, and share with them the Eternal Light. Man was to them no "warped slip of the wilderness," but "a heavenly plant;" and in every heathen inscription their eye read a prayer to the Unknown God. Neither Stoicism with its unnatural apathy and utter hopelessness, nor Neoplatonism with its cold Pantheism and esoteric pride, had a chance against these living and loving truths. The *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, the *Meditations* of Aurelius, are full of beautiful counsel, yet they are too sad and

too weak to reach the multitude or even to sway the few ; and as for the *Enneads* of Plotinus, and the *Commentaries* of Proclus, with all their gorgeous invocations and voluminous mysticism, they have ever been to mankind but as the small dust of the balance compared to one verse of the Sermon on the Mount.

But, though argument and philosophy failed, though revivals and eclecticism failed, Pagans might always rely for victory upon brute force and crushing violence. Even Nero had driven through the gardens of his Golden House between lines of torches of which each one was a martyr in his shirt of fire ; but Nero's assault was as nothing in extent or virulence compared with those of a Decius or a Diocletian. Christianity spent her first three centuries in one long, legalized, almost unbroken persecution. Some of her holiest bishops—an Ignatius, a Polycarp, an Hippolytus ; some of her greatest writers—a Justin, an Athanasius, an Origen ; even her poor female slaves—a Blandina, a Felicitas, a Potamiæna, endured the rack or the prison, perished by the sword or flame. "Yet they stood safe," said Cyprian, "stronger than their conquerors ; the beaten and lacerated members conquered the beating and lacerating hooks." "The nearer I am to the sword," said Ignatius, "the nearer to God." "We were condemned to the wild beasts," wrote the youthful St. Perpetua, "and with hearts full of joy returned to our prison." "Call us," said the fervent Tertullian, "call us *Sarmenticii* and *Semaxii*, names derived from the wood wherewith we are burned, and the stakes to

which we are bound ; this is the garment of our victory, our embroidered robe, our triumphal chariot." Such was their "tremendous spirit ;" and when the very executioners were weary, when vast holocausts had been offered to the expiring divinities, then finding, as has been finely said, that she had to deal with "a host of Scævolas," "the proudest of earthly powers arrayed in the plenitude of material resources humbled herself before a power founded on a mere sense of the unseen."

Yes, it was of God, and they could not overthrow it : the catacomb triumphed over the Grecian temple ; the Cross of shame over the wine-cup and the Salian banquet, the song of the siren and the wreath of rose. These obscure sectaries,—barbarians, orientals, Jews as they were,—fought against the indignant world and won. "Not by power, nor by might, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts ;" by heroic endurance, by stainless innocence, by burning zeal, by inviolable truthfulness, by boundless love. The world's seductive ideals and intoxicating joys, the world's enchanting mythologies and dissolute religions—youth Dionysius,

"As he burst upon the East
A jocund and a welcome conqueror,
And Aphrodite, sweet as from the sea
She rose, and floated in her pearly shell
A laughing girl—"

all fled before a Cross of wood ! Yes, my brethren, because that Cross was held by the bleeding hands of the world's true King, who perfected the strength of His followers in weakness ; and, having been lifted up, drew all men unto Him.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

The close of the old year and the beginning of the new is a time which should touch even the most trivial natures to thoughtfulness. Then, if ever, should we look back with devout gratitude on the past, and remember all the gracious dealings of God toward us. Then should we look forward with hope and confidence to the future, trusting that the guidance and grace which have been vouchsafed in the past will be sufficient also in the time to come.

These anniversary seasons are milestones, as it were, by which we may measure our progress through life. They are hill-tops which we may climb and get clearer views of the winding way by which we have been led, and brighter prospects of the end of the journey and the goal of our hopes. And doubtless, as we look we shall note many crooked steps; many mistakes and falls. Let us be admonished by the past and make straight paths for our feet in the time to come, avoiding the causes of stumbling and failure which impeded our progress and marred our life work.

Travellers crossing the Alps, as they climb higher and higher by the devious zig-zags of the road, seem to turn in aimless windings, sometimes apparently going directly away from their destined goal. But as they reach the summit of the pass, and see the winding way spread out like a map beneath their feet, they see that every one of those windings was necessary to overcome some cliff-like obstacle, or escape some yawning ravine. So as we climb life's mountain slopes, and get broader, clearer views of the way in which the Lord our God has led us, from the vantage ground of the added years, we are able to understand much that at the time seemed incomprehensible. Many strange experiences, many

losses and crosses, which seemed only evil, we now know were only good. And, doubtless, when from the vantage ground of the higher life of heaven, we see clearly spread out like a map the life-path of the past, we shall see that not a single crook in our lot, not a single steep and arduous place, was unnecessary for the accomplishment of our journey.

The season should be one also of spiritual stock-taking, as it were. We should balance our books and count our gains. If we look abroad in nature we shall find that everything has marks of growth and progress. The forest trees have added another ring to their girth; the orchards and fields have brought forth their fruit; the barns are filled with ripened grain. How is it with our spiritual husbandry? Have we garnered wisdom from the past? Have we brought forth the fruits of holiness? Are our characters riper, and mellowed into richer sweetness? What account, to change the figure, shall we render to the Lord of the harvest for our stewardship? Have we put out our talents to usury and improved the opportunities of the past? Have we gained yet other talents? Are we richer in spiritual graces? Have we more of the mind that was in Christ? Have we more power over sin? or alas! has sin more power over us?

Let us deal faithfully with ourselves. We are a year nearer our grave; we are also a year nearer our salvation or our condemnation than we were a year ago. Let us sit in honest judgment on our own souls. Better that our hearts should condemn us now than that God and our hearts should condemn us hereafter, when it shall be forever too late to retrieve the wasted past.

Swift years, but teach us how to bear,
To feel, to act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
Then speed your courses as ye will.

THE LAND TROUBLES IN IRELAND.

From the days of Strongbow the condition of Ireland has always been one of the greatest difficulties of the British Government. Whatever is done, or whatever is left undone, there is always an amount of latent discontent and disaffection. This discontent only needs the pressure of a bad harvest, or the stimulus of reckless agitators, to break forth into open sedition. It is difficult at this distance to fully understand the rights and wrongs of the present agitation. Even to one on the spot it is difficult to form a just judgment. Our own feeling, as we beheld the wretched rain-sodden harvest of last season rotting in the drowned-out fields, the black flooded peat bogs, the toiling and moiling peasantry, the miserable cabins, and the poverty-pinched appearance of the country, was one of deep commiseration. In this broad free land, where every man who will may win a plot of ground to call his own, we can scarcely understand the hopeless land-longing of the Irish tenant-at-will. We do not wonder at his discontent as he sees the hard-won earnings of the land drained off by absentee landlords to be spent in luxury in London or Paris.

At the same time this is no justification of the anti-rent agitation. That is subversive of all social order, and would lead to the wildest anarchy and confusion. The agrarian outrages, the shooting of bailiffs and burning of ricks, can only retard and complicate the removal of abuses, and embitter the strife between class and class. The bane of Ireland has been that selfish agitators fan the inflammable nature of their compatriots into a flame of sedition for their own aggrandisement and glory. The Government, unless it would abdicate its functions of governing altogether, had no alternative but to proceed to the arrest and trial of these agitators, even though the latter do thereby become elevated in the eyes of their countrymen to the status of martyrs for liberty.

If some feasible solution could be found for the land tenure, making

small freeholds available for the peasants, we would have better hopes for the future of Ireland. But there, as in Great Britain, the tendency seems to be to throw the land into larger and larger farms, to employ large capital, steam ploughing, and other machine cultivation. In Belgium, on the contrary, the country is largely occupied by small peasant holdings of six or seven acres. These are cultivated by hoe and spade like a garden, and an appearance of humble thrift everywhere meets the eye. The same is largely the case, also, in France and Germany. The former system may get the largest crops of grain. The latter seems to produce what is the noblest crop of all—a contented peasantry.

The Home Rule agitation is an utter farce. Great Britain will never consent to a disintegration of the Empire. As we walked through the old Parliament House in College Green, Dublin, we asked one of the custodians if the Irish people would like to have their own Parliament in those ancient halls again. "Belike some would," was his reply, "but not I; 'twould make no differ at all." And he was right. The cure of Ireland's ills lies not in that direction. The Government purchase of land from the landlords, and its lease or sale on easy terms to the peasants and small farmers; a wise system of assisted emigration, to relieve the pressure of population on the means of subsistence; and popular education, promise the best ultimate results. In the meantime, the generous relief of present suffering, and a wise firmness in the maintenance of public order, will conciliate or restrain the disaffected; and with better days a better mind may come to the Irish people.

With previous Irish agitations the question of religion has had much to do. The allegiance to Rome was felt to be stronger than the allegiance to Great Britain. There may be much of the same feeling in the present outbreak. But, in justice it must be said that the Romish priests have, for the most part, taken the side of law and order. With the

following sentiments of a leading English journal we heartily concur : "Come what may, Ireland must have kindness, forbearance, education, and justice ; and while her commercial resources are carefully developed, lawless violence must be punished, and, as far as possible, suppressed."

METHODIST LITERATURE.

The wonderful development of American Methodism is one of the most extraordinary characteristics of the present century. It is only when the statistical records are brought under our view at one glance that we get anything like an adequate conception of the vastness of that development. Such a view we get in the admirable Year Book edited by Dr. DePuy.* One of the most remarkable features of that progress has been the growth of its publishing interests. They are now the largest and most successful under one general management in the world. The "Book Concern" was established in Philadelphia in 1789, with a borrowed capital of \$600. In 1804 it removed to New York. The Western Book Concern was established in Cincinnati in 1820. In 1836 the New York Concern was destroyed by fire (loss \$250,000), but was soon rebuilt. An inventory taken at this time showed a capital of \$191,655. Taking this sum from the present net capital of \$1,526,939, leaves \$1,245,284, the gain of capital in forty-three years. Besides this, the two "Concerns" have paid by order of the General Conference, for objects outside of their own business—bishops' salaries, and many other expenses—the sum of \$1,780,589. Adding this, with \$157,685 paid for local papers, to the present capital, we have the sum of \$3,465,214 as the total profits of forty-three years. From its regular and legitimate business alone, under the careful management of officers selected by

the General Conference of the Church, it shows a clear profit of nearly three and a half millions of dollars—an average annual profit of eighty thousand five hundred and eighty-six dollars ! Well may Dr. DePuy remark : "The achievement is without a parallel in the history of religious, benevolent, and ecclesiastical publishing establishments, reflecting great credit upon the fidelity, skill, and business tact of the Book Agents, and upon the general connexional publishing system adopted by the Church."

The total sales for the year 1878-9 amounted to \$1,622,020, and during the last thirty-five years they amount to \$29,278,972 worth of sound Christian literature. From the New York Concern alone, in the year ending June 30, 1879, the number of volumes issued was 727,150, or 2,376 every legal day. The daily number of book pages issued was 506,945, besides a daily issue of 3,702 tracts. In ten years the number of books issued was 5,323,268 vols., besides 16,521,900 tracts. In the subscription department alone, 165,000 large and high-priced books have been issued in four years. Of Sunday-school literature there were circulated last year 1,500,000 copies of the *S. S. Journal*, 5,240,000 of the *S. S. Advocate*, 9,880,000 of the *Picture Lesson Paper*, and 1,392,000 of the *S. S. Classmate*, besides others, making in all about 20,000,000 issues.

These figures are not matters of boastful enumeration, but rather of devout gratitude to God. What a grand moral stimulus has thus been imparted to the national life ! What a potent moral antiseptic to the social corruptions of the times ! The stately premises in Broadway, the busy presses in Mulberry Street, the accumulated capital acquired are as nothing compared with the moral education, the millions of readers of the Christian literature which has thus been diffused through the land. These leaves of knowledge, like the leaves of the tree of life, are for the healing of the nation.

We congratulate our American

* *Methodist Year for 1880*. Edited by W. H. DEPUY, D.D. New York : Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

brethren on the grand work they have thus been enabled to do for God and for their country. Our own Book Rooms have already, on a smaller scale, and in our more limited field, rendered very valuable service in the moral education of the people of Canada. Of this work we shall endeavour to give statistical information in an early number. We must continue to emulate our neighbours' example, and we ask all our ministers and people to co-operate with the authorized agencies of our Church in leavening more and more the national life of our country with the principles of sound morality and true religion.

DR. RYERSON'S EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

The series of essays by Dr. Ryerson under the above title, begun in this number, will be the most important series which have ever appeared in its pages. They will embody the results of the experience and observation of the venerable author throughout a long and active life. No man living has had a larger share in securing the civil and religious liberties in Canada which we all to-day enjoy. In these essays he will record the efforts by which these liberties were obtained, together with much more information of special interest. The venerable

Nestor will recount the struggles of his prime—all which he saw and in a great part of which he held a foremost place.

The Essays will be twelve in number, and the following will be the subjects :—

I. The Loyal Origin of Methodism.

II. The Benevolent Character of Canadian Methodism; its Early Agency and Agents; their Sacrifices and Labours.

III. The Supernatural Character of Canadian Methodism.

IV. The Phenomena and Philosophy of Methodist Revivals of Religion.

V. The Marvellous Success of Canadian Methodism.

VI. Methodism the Pioneer and Promoter of Religious Liberty in Upper Canada.

VII. Methodism and the Clergy Reserve Controversy.

VIII. Ryanite Division.

IX. First Union between the English and Canadian Conferences, and its Conditions in respect to the Clergy Reserve Question—its Dissolution.

X. Methodist Episcopal Division.

XI. Re-union between the English and Canadian Conferences, and its Beneficial Results.

XII. Present State and Prospects of Canadian Methodism.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Rev. John Kilner, one of the General Secretaries, is now visiting the missions in South Africa. He is an old missionary, and, can sympathize with those who occupy posts of danger in the fields of missionary toil. His visit will extend over several months, and, will no doubt, be of great service to the good cause.

Rev. John Walton, M.A., Chair-

man of Graham's Town District, South Africa, sends a most graphic account of the dedication services of the "Kama Memorial Chapel," at Annshaw, at which he and other missionaries preached. Chief Kama was a young man when the late Rev. W. Shaw commenced his mission among the Kafirs in 1823, and from that time until his death both he and his wife were not only friends of

the missionary, but were faithful followers of Christ. The tribe of which he was the head were favourably disposed to the mission cause, and in all the seasons of hostility and strife, he and they were unswerving in their fidelity to the British Crown. Chief Kama had much to endure from heathen chiefs who often sought to entice him to the practice of heathen abominations, especially polygamy, but he remained true, and died as he had lived, the husband of one wife. Towards the close of life he was desirous to leave some substantial monument of his greatest gratitude to God for the mercies with his life had been crowned. The erection of a chapel was suggested as a suitable object for that purpose, and soon he set apart a sum of money for accomplishing the design. He did not live to see the building erected, but it has now been completed, and the services in connection with the opening were such as Mr. Walton says he never witnessed. The people contributed most munificently, many of them, even from the depths of their poverty. Several interesting incidents occurred, which our want of space compels us to suppress. Kama's widow was present and wept for joy. The meeting of Monday continued from eleven o'clock until four, and again from seven until ten. Short addresses were delivered by various natives, including the present chief. The addresses were grand specimens of Kafir eloquence, and all concluded with the presentation of gifts of money, oxen, goats, kids, mealies, and potatoes. The total cost of the memorial chapel exceeds \$15,000, all of which has been contributed except \$5,000 lent by the Missionary Committee, which will be repaid in due time.

Dr. Punshon says it is no unusual thing for their missionaries in Spain to receive a written requisition from villages, signed by forty or fifty inhabitants asking them to come and preach the Gospel to them.

The amount raised for the Thanksgiving Fund now exceeds one million of dollars. The treasurers apportion

the amounts received *pro rata* to the various objects for which the fund was established, viz.:—The Foreign Missionary Society, Home Missionary Society, Education Fund, Sunday-School Union, Children's Home and Birmingham Theological Institution. Recently \$40,000 were thus appropriated, which makes the seventh payment of a similar amount which has thus been paid.

City Road Chapel, London, the "Mother Church of Methodism," recently caught fire, and came near being destroyed. The Morning Chapel of precious memory escaped the devastation, but the main building was much injured.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

The annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee was recently held in New York. Bishop Simpson presided. The receipts for the year were \$551,859, being an increase of \$494. \$200,000 of debt have been paid in three years. The present debt of the society is \$63,000. The appropriations for the ensuing year amount to \$678,000, which is a large increase on the appropriations of the preceding year.

Rev. W. Taylor, D.D., has performed a most extraordinary amount of labour during the last two years with astonishing results. He has sent out thirty young men and women, well educated and consecrated to their work, to South America. Schools have been established, and missionary labour begun. Besides the above, he has sent others to other parts of the mission field, so that in all forty-six missionaries have been sent out; and by the time our readers receive this intelligence, Dr. Taylor will have sent twenty more who are thus willing to leave home and friends that they may spend and be spent for Christ. Dr. Taylor only defrays the expense of the passage of those whom he sends out. The people among whom they labour contribute funds for their sustenance. His entire proceedings are of the most marvellous kind. He calls his missionary scheme, the

Pauline method of Gospel extension. We know of nothing like it in the nineteenth century.

A good work is being done by the Methodist Episcopal Church among the freedmen in the South. The report of last year states that in the different institutions 2,510 students have been instructed; 453 of these were in the Biblical department, twenty in the department of law, and sixty in that of medicine. Dr. Rust, the secretary, states that during the past twelve years they have taught sixty thousand coloured pupils in their schools, and that the pupils thus trained have taught at least three hundred thousand of their race scattered over the South.

There is every probability that the Methodist Pan Conference will soon be held. A meeting of the committee appointed by the respective conferences is announced to be held next May. Surely when the Presbyterians are making arrangements to hold a second Pan Council, the Methodists throughout the world can hold one.

Dr. Schaff estimates that in 1878 all branches of Methodism in the United States had: Ministers, 25,562; congregations, 32,000; communicant membership, 3,428,050; nominal membership, 14,000,000; colleges, 52; theological seminaries, 12.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

M'Kendree Church, Nashville, which was erected more than a year ago, was recently destroyed by fire. The ministers and officers of the churches in the city manifested much sympathy for the minister and his people who were the sufferers by the calamity, and some of them offered the use of their respective places of worship. Even the synagogue of the Jews was placed at their disposal, and was accepted. How remarkable that a house of worship built by the children of Abraham should resound with the melody of Methodist hymns! Surely the world moves.

The *Quarterly Review*, which was begun last year by a number of ministers, was so successful, that it is to

be continued during this year, and we hope also in subsequent years. The venerable Dr. Summers has assumed the editorial tripod. From what we have seen of the numbers published we hesitate not to say that it deserves to succeed.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

A new mission.—Several members of our church from Ontario having settled in Emerson, Manitoba, repeated application has been made to the Mission-house for a missionary to be sent thither. Dr. George Young, who had the honour of being the pioneer missionary at Winnipeg, has accepted the appointment to Emerson, and by this time he will have opened his commission in that rapidly increasing city. The people of Emerson are delighted with his appointment.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties which are peculiar to the French Missions, the missionaries are prosecuting their self-denying labours. The poverty of the people is a great hinderance to their success, and not a few of them are compelled to migrate to the New England States. The Rev. T. Charbonnel recently made a tour in a rural district of Quebec where he found more than sixty persons who were, until lately, adherents of the Romish Church, but are now numbered among the "people called Methodists."

Rev. A. Parent writes very encouragingly respecting his mission. A person of great influence recently told him, "Were it not for the loss in my business, which such an act would occasion me, I would turn and become a Protestant." The same person further said, "Our public men would turn *en masse* but for the power and wrath of the priests, who would be against them."

Rev. A. Dorion, whose difficult field of toil is Oka, writes in most pitiful strains respecting the poor people committed to his oversight. Their sufferings and persecutions do not diminish. If any of our readers could send assistance to the noble missionary who is daily brought into

contact with intense suffering they would be performing acts of which Heaven would approve.

At the time of writing these notes we have not learned the amount promised for the "Relief and Extension Fund," but there is reason to believe that a large sum has been contributed, but not too much for the objects contemplated.

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Seven years of earnest, intelligent, and unremitting labour, have wrought admirable results in the heathen Formosa. When the Rev. Mr. McKay was sent out by the Mission Board, in 1872, heathenism reigned supreme there. Now there are seven schools with 150 scholars, fifteen chapels with as many trained preachers, two Bible women, one hospital, and 263 communicants, including seven elders and five deacons. The numbers of hearers is estimated at 2,000.

AMERICAN BOARD FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The late meeting of the Commissioners was a great affair, there being about 3,000 in attendance, comprising many distinguished in political and civil life as well as the religious history of their country. The Board, from the beginning, has received and expended about \$17,000,000, organised about 350 native churches, with 83,000 communicants, sent out 350 ordained missionaries, and 250 unmarried lady missionaries. They have also reduced to writing twenty-six languages; have issued forty-six languages upwards of 23,000 different educational and religious publications; and had under instruction more than 400,000 pupils.

ITEMS.

A year and a half ago, a mission for lepers was established in North India, by a missionary of the Church of Scotland. It has now three asylums with eighty inmates, and of these twelve have professed Christianity. If this is not a self-denying field of missionary labour, where can it be found? "If any one had told

me," writes Mr. Leapolt, an experienced missionary of Benares, "twenty-five years ago that not only should we have free access to the natives in their houses, but that Zenanas would be opened in cities like Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, and that European ladies, with their native assistants, would have been admitted to teach the Word of God in them, I should have replied, 'All things are possible to God,' but I do not expect to see such a glorious event in my day. Yet such has been the case."

A strong evidence of the decline of idolatry in China is the fact that many of the temples once regarded most sacred are now offered for sale, and many idols have been sold for the value of the metals of which they are composed. "The Altar to Heaven," one of the grandest of the temples at Peking, which was once guarded and kept in order with the most religious care, is now rapidly falling into decay from neglect.

Since Rome became the capital of united Italy, twelve Protestant churches have been built in that city, of which three are Episcopal and two are Methodist. The Baptists and Presbyterians have one each. Bibles are now openly sold in the streets of the principal cities of Italy.

The *Missionary Review* says:—A missionary of our acquaintance in India was offered a salary in secular service four times his missionary salary, with a guarantee of increase by regular instalments, to fifteen times his missionary salary, and a life-pension after ten years' service, to be doubled at the end of twenty years' service, if continued so long, but he declined to leave his sacred work for any such inducement.

The spread of Christianity in Japan during the last seven years has been remarkable. There are forty-three Protestant churches in that country, with a membership of one thousand five hundred. There are fifty-four Sunday-schools, with two thousand scholars; three theological schools, with one hundred and seventy-five students; eighty-one

missionaries, ninety-three native assistant preachers, ten native pastors, and one hundred and fifty preaching places. In addition to the distinctively religious work, a large number of secular schools are carried on by Christian teachers.

Rev. Dr. N. J. Tucker, the pastor of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, left the church and a salary of \$10,000 to assume the professorship of Sacred Rhetoric at Andover Theological Seminary, at a salary of \$3,000. Put these items to the credit side of the ministry who are so often charged with being "mercenary," and always listening to the "loudest call."

Ex-Congressman Horace Bemis, of Hornellsville, N.Y., at a public meeting recently, said:—"I have been counsel in twelve murder cases; in every case rum was at the bottom of the crime. I bought supper for a man to-night who was worth \$50,000 eight years ago. His wife was a judge's daughter. She is in a pauper asylum for the insane to-day. Every dollar of the \$50,000 went for rum.

A young Creek Indian, who was converted at the University of Wooster, took the first Latin prize, a gold medal, for best scholarship during the senior preparatory year, and for best examination for en-

trance to the freshman class at the late commencement. There were sixty students in the class.

A Methodist missionary in China has prepared a Chinese Sunday-school hymn and tune book. It is printed in Foochow.

THE DEATH-ROLL.

The Rev. John Bedford, one of the Ex-Presidents of the English Conference, finished his course on the 20th of November, in the 70th year of his age and the 49th of his ministry. For about a quarter of a century he was identified with Methodism in Manchester, where he was a tower of strength. His services on behalf of chapel funds were herculean. His knowledge of ecclesiastical law made him a strong man in Conference and Connexional Committees.

Rev. R. G. Cather, LL.D., of the Irish Conference, and for many years the indefatigable labourer in the Systematic Beneficence Society, has also left the church militant.

The Rev. B. N. Haworth, a hard-working circuit minister, died at his post in Liverpool. He was a fellow-labourer with the writer of these notes more than thirty years ago, when he was instant in season and out of season.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britain and America, from the Days of the Wesleys to the Present Time. By REV. W. H. DANIELS, A.M. 8vo, pp 784. Methodist Book Concern, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto; and Humphrey Pickard, Halifax, N.S. Sold only by subscription. Price \$3.

The story of that wonderful movement called Methodism will never grow old. Its grand achievements and heroic events will continue, we believe, to be a perennial delight and inspiration to the end of time. The literature of the subject is already

very voluminous. The noble volumes of Dr. Stevens and Tyerman, Bangs and Carroll, and the numerous biographies of Methodist worthies are in their number and extent a very *embarras des richesses*.

It was a very happy idea of the author and publishers of this new History of Methodism to prepare, in one volume, a popular account of that great movement on both sides of the sea.—one so compendious that all who will may possess and master it, and yet so full that little of grave importance shall be overlooked.

This result has in a very remark-

able degree been achieved in the volume before us. Certainly no history of Methodism has ever been embodied in such a handsome exterior, nor adorned with such numerous and excellent engravings. No less than two hundred and fifty of these illustrate its pages, besides several maps and charts. Many of these engravings are remarkable for their artistic elegance, as, for instance, those of Oxford and its historic scenes. To their minute accuracy we can bear personal testimony. Others are of much biographical interest, as the portraits of the Wesleys and other leaders of Methodism.

Mr. Daniels has certain very happy qualifications for his somewhat difficult task. He has the literary skill which comes by long practice, and the laborious industry in collating and condensing which are essential in a work of this sort. He has a lively narrative style, and good taste in the selection and arrangement of materials. The personal sketches are drawn with a free hand. He traces the development of character of John Wesley from the High Church ritualism of his early days to the broad charity, evangelical piety, and wise statesmanship of his riper years. Due prominence is given to the grand missionary achievements of Methodism, which have been her crown of glory—a crown which was never more lustrous than at the present day.

The portraiture of John Wesley, of course, occupies a larger space than that of the other leaders of this great world-movement. But the other prominent actors are also graphically sketched—Charles Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Ouseley (whose name, by the way, is wrongly spelled in the contents, but correctly in the text), and others.

The subject of American Methodism is very fully treated. Portraits and sketches of Embury, Barbara Heck, Captain Webb, Asbury, Jesse Lee, Dr. Coke and the brave pioneers in the Wilderness Missions are given. The wonderful development of later years, without a parallel in the

religious history of the world, is also traced, with numerous illustrations of the prominent men of Methodism, both living and dead.

Modern British and Colonial Methodism receives rather scant treatment. The prominent events of the former are concisely stated, and portraits are given of Drs. Bunting, Pope, Rigg, Punshon, Smith and Jobson, and of Revs. Richard Watson and William Arthur. The space given to Canadian Methodism is inadequate, and is largely taken up with sketches of individuals. A worthy tribute, however, is paid to the Rev. William Case, the Father of Canadian Missions, of whom a good portrait is given. Portraits are also given of Drs. Ryerson, Wood, and Pickard, and of Bishop Carman. For a compendious account of its great epochs and events, and of its later development, our readers must have recourse to the series of essays by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, which are begun in the present number of this magazine.

Notwithstanding the defects we have noticed, however, the bulk of the volume is really admirable, its mechanical execution is superb, and it is exceedingly good value for the price. To a fuller discussion of some of its important topics we may return at another time.

We learn, as we go to press, that the second edition of this book, which we understand is now being printed, will contain a much larger space devoted to Canadian Methodism. This will quite disarm the above criticism, and will make this book one of exceeding value to every Canadian Methodist.

The Lesson Commentary on the International S. S. Lessons for 1880. By the REV. JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., and the REV. J. S. HURLBUT, M.A. 8vo, pp. 252. New York: Phillips and Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.25.

The International system of S. S. Lessons has focused the thought of the best minds in Christendom upon the same portions of Holy Scripture.

The most accomplished scholars have concentrated their study upon the elucidation of the selected passages of the sacred text, and millions of Sunday School scholars and teachers are advancing along the same lines of thought, under the guidance of the best possible instruction. It is one of the chief glories of this movement that it brings the result of the highest scholarship to bear upon the Lesson, and renders accessible to the million what has heretofore been locked up in costly commentaries, which were large for a busy man to read even if he could afford to possess them.

In this book, for instance, is given a conspectus of the opinions of all the great commentators and the results of the latest research on the Lessons for 1880. Its price places it within the reach of almost every one, and it can be mastered by even the most busy. A special recommendation of this book is its numerous and admirable illustrations and maps. These bring the sacred sites and scenes vividly before the eye, and give greater interest and accuracy of conception.

Similar in size and price to this work is *Peloubet's Select Notes on the International S. S. Lessons*, which also lies before us; but it is very much inferior in the number and character of its illustrations, and also, we judge, in its general arrangement and mode of treatment of the subject.

Lovell's Intermediate Geography. 4to, pp. 104. Montreal: JOHN LOVELL, and all booksellers. Price 65 cents.

The study of Geography, instead of being the dull and irksome task which it often is, is capable of being made a delightful recreation. Lovell's new *Intermediate Geography* goes far to realize this ideal. The type is clear and bold. Its thirty-one coloured maps are remarkably distinct; its forty-one illustrations give artistic representations of some of the most remarkable scenes and products of the different countries of the world; the bird's-eye views,

especially, are exceedingly interesting and instructive. The book is well printed and strongly bound, and is altogether one of the best specimens of Canadian bookmaking that we have seen. As is proper in a Canadian text-book, special prominence is given to the Dominion of Canada. There are excellent maps of the whole Dominion and of each of its provinces, showing their counties and boundaries. We should like to have seen a separate map of Palestine, which would have increased its value to all Sunday-school scholars; but probably it will appear in the *Advanced Geography*, by the same publisher.

The Young Folks of Renfrew. By Miss M. E. TANEYHILL, M.A. New York: Phillips and Hunt. 12mo, pp. 229, illustrated.

This story is written in the interest of Methodist Missions, and is pervaded with the true missionary spirit—we may almost say missionary enthusiasm. Its reading by our young people cannot fail to inspire a warmer sympathy with the grandest of causes, and to cultivate systematic contribution to its funds. It is the record of a deceased minister's family, of their missionary education and consecration, not only of their careful savings, but, what is far better, also of themselves to missionary work.

Advice to a Mother on the Management of Her Children. By F. R. C. S. HENRY CHAVASSE, F. R. C. S. 12mo, pp. 328. Canadian copy-right edition. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

Advice to a Wife on the Management of Her Health. Same author and publisher. 12mo, pp. 307.

A rational attention to the laws of health will tend to avert disease and promote happiness. We welcome, therefore, intelligently written books, such as these, which in plain language explain these laws, and point the consequences of their violation, as well as the home-treatment of lighter ailments. The distinguished position of Dr. Chavasse is a guar-

antee of his thorough adequacy to the task he has undertaken. The remarkable success of his books is a proof of the ability with which that task has been accomplished. Over 20,000 copies of each book have been sold in three years, and the first mentioned has been translated into French, German, Polish and Tamil, and is known wherever the English language is spoken. The Canadian copyright editions are very neat and serviceably bound books, and we heartily commend them to the classes for whom they are designed.

Biblical Things not Generally Known. 12mo, pp. 379. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald.

During the last quarter of a century much fresh information on the land and literature of the Bible, and on the Oriental customs and institutions which so remarkably illustrate its teachings, has been rendered accessible. In this book is gathered a numerous collection of facts concerning much that is rare, quaint, curious, and obscure in relation to Biblical subjects. They are the result of a wide range of reading in fields which have been only very partially explored. There is no special classification of subjects, and the names of the authorities quoted are not always given. But there is a copious index of the 539 subjects treated, and of the texts which are illustrated. It is a book to occupy leisure moments rather than for consecutive study; but hardly a page can be read without learning some curious and instructive fact.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

One of the grandest features of the age is the loving care, the wise thoughtfulness, that is manifested in ministering to the delight and profit of little children. There lie upon our table a pile of Christmas books such as in our childhood it had not entered into the mind of man to conceive as possible. The best skill of the artist and engraver; the best thoughts of the poet and prose writer; the most attractive resources

of the bookbinder's art are lavished upon these dainty volumes. The educative mission of such books on the little folk who become their happy possessors must be very salutary. Their taste will be refined, their minds informed, and their little hearts taught sweet lessons of goodness and truth through their delightful ministry.

One of the most charming of these books is "*Light for Little Ones*," by MARTHA VAN MARTAR, small 4to, pp. 344. New York: Phillips and Hunt; price \$1.25. Anything more dainty than its illuminated cover we have not yet seen. The selections in prose and verse, from grave to gay, and the beautiful pictures by which they are illustrated, make up a volume worthy of the elegant exterior. The floral vignettes especially are very artistic, and the press-work, on which so much of the beauty of cuts depends, is admirably done.

Even more attractive for the very little folk will be found "*The Blossom Books*," same publishers; ten thin quartos in a box, with illuminated covers, price \$3.00. The type is larger, the reading simpler and more easy to master, and the cuts more juvenile in character. Some of these illustrate Kindergarten play-studies in drawing and making simple designs and the like. The educative value of such books in developing the infantile powers is much greater than we are apt to think.

For older children one of the most charming of Christmas books is "*Little Folks*," from the celebrated press of Cassell, Petter and Galpin; price \$1.50. Its Bible illustrations are very beautiful, and it has a story of immigrant life in Canada that will increase its interest to Canadian readers.

The queen of all the juvenile magazines, however, is *St. Nicholas*, which is really a marvel of artistic execution. It is now republished in England and in France, and a translation of a part will be made into Arabic for the delight of the Moslem children in the far East. It is permanently enlarged, and is ad-

mitted in both hemispheres to be the handsomest juvenile publication in the world. The price is \$3.00 a year, but we have made arrangements whereby we can club it with this magazine for \$2.25, a reduction of one-fourth.

Messrs. Phillips and Hunt continue their admirable series of small 32mo books—*The Boy's Pocket Library*, in uniform green and gold binding; price 40 cents each.

Vol. III. is devoted to "Men of Iron," the great metallurgists and mechanics whose skill and genius have given to England her manufacturing supremacy; to the three great potters, Palissy, Bottigher and Wedgwood, who raised a dull handicraft to the dignity of a fine art; and a charming story by Miss Edgeworth, "The Prussian Vase."

Vol. IV. gives a popular account, such as all boys will enjoy, of "Popular Delusions"—The Mississippi Scheme; the South Sea Bubble; the Tulip Mania; the American Oil Mania; and the greatest of all manias, The Crusades.

Vol. V. recounts "Strange Stories about Strange People"—The Thugs of India; the famous Alchemists and Rosecrucians, Geber, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, whose old laboratory we saw at Oxford, and others of the mystic brotherhood whose search for the philosopher's stone and *elixir vita* developed the science of modern chemistry.

These books give a large amount of historical and biographical information; and if they also help to supplant the foolish and pernicious books which waste the time and corrupt the hearts of the young, they will do them a double service.

Any of the above will be sent post free, on receipt of price, by the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The January Atlantic opens a new volume, with sixteen pages more than in average numbers heretofore, is printed on new and larger type, and contains the two opening chapters of "The Undiscovered Country," Mr. Howells' new serial story, which

will run through half the year or more. Dr. Holmes contributes a characteristic poem on "The Coming Era." W. W. Story, the eminent sculptor, also has a poem, "Do you remember?" "Equality" is the subject of an anonymous paper, which is admirable for its fine blending of thoughtfulness and humour. "The Bonanza Farms of the West" describes the vast scale on which farming is done on the prairies of the West. "Reminiscences of Washington" is the first of a series of articles that cannot fail to be popular. Richard Grant White writes of "Habits of English Life," and writes very entertainingly too. Mr. Whittier, on "St. Martin's Summer," has a fine poem. Considerable space is given to admirable critical papers in literature. The price of the *Atlantic* is \$4.00, but it will be given with this Magazine for \$3.20.

We have received from C. W. Coates, of the Methodist Book Room, Montreal, the most beautiful Marriage Certificate we have ever seen. It consists of a wreath of orange blossoms and white roses, photographed from nature by a new process by those eminent artists, Notman and Fraser, Montreal. The minute venation of the leaves and the stamens and pistils of the flowers are shown with the most exquisite fidelity. In the centre are spaces for the photographs of the bride and bridegroom and of the officiating minister. Appropriate mottoes from Scripture are inscribed, and an open Bible seems to hallow the marriage ceremony, which is represented in the lower part of the picture. For such an admirable piece of art, the price—seventy-five cents each, or \$7.50 a dozen—is very cheap. If our readers are not all married, we hope they all will be some time; and we strongly recommend that they commemorate that event with one of these beautiful certificates.

We will venture to say that the minister who will furnish such an elegant *souvenir* of the most interesting event in one's life, will become exceedingly popular with the class of persons requiring his services.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Written by the late REV. J. D. BURNS.

Composed by E. L. SHORTRIDGE.

Moderato.

mf

At Thy feet, our God and Father,

Who hast blest us all our days, We with grateful hearts would gather, And begin the year with praise:

p *cres.*

Praise for light so brightly shining On our steps from heav'n above; Praise for mercies daily, twining

f *decres.* *f*

Round us golden cords of love.

p *dim.*

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.



THE ROSENGARTEN—HIGH ALPS.

W. WATKINS SC.